

cattails



October 2022

cattails

October 2022 Issue

Copyright © 2022 all authors and artists

cattails is produced in association with:

Éditions des petits nuages

1409 Bortolotti Crescent

Ottawa, Ontario

Canada K1B 5C1

ISSN 2371-8951

Editor-in-Chief: Sonam Chhoki

Managing Editor: Mike Montreuil

Haiku Editor: Geethanjali Rajan

Haiga Editor: Lavana Kray

Senryu Editor: David J Kelly

Tanka Editor: Jenny Fraser

Haibun Editor: Sonam Chhoki

Tanka Prose Editor: Mike Montreuil

e-newsletter and Social Media: Shobhana Kumar

Cartoon: Dhaatri Vengunad Menon

Cover Painting: Christina Chin – Bird of Paradise, Resident, Wokam, Aru Islands, Indonesia.

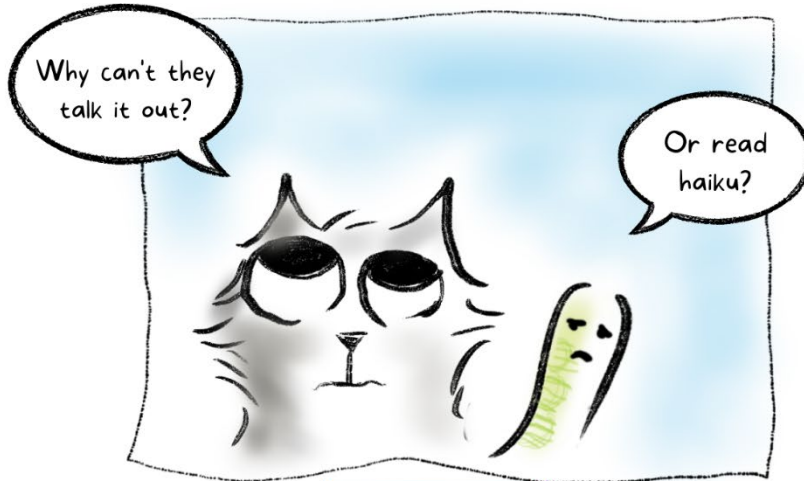
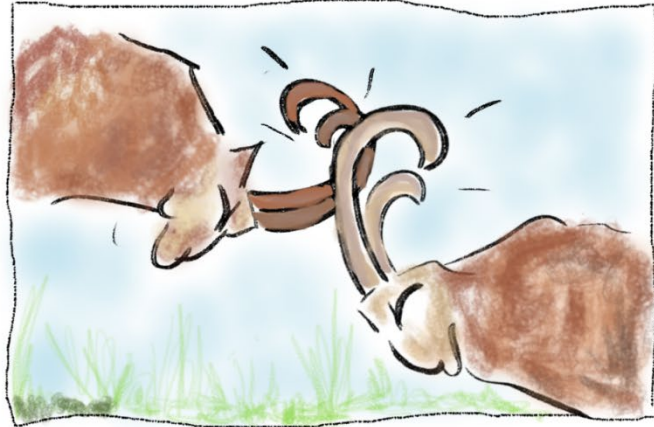
Section Paintings: Christina Chin.

Christina Chin is a painter and a haiku poet who is passionate about conservation. She uses various mediums for artworks: digital, watercolours, acrylic paints, pens and mixed media just to name a few. She is a four-time recipient of top 100 in the mDAC Summit Contests. They are exhibited at the Palo Alto Art Center, California. Several of the birds depicted in this special feature are endangered.

Contents

| | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| Introduction | 5 |
| from Susan Constable | 6 |
| Haiku | 7 |
| Haiga - part 1 | 39 |
| Senryu | 45 |
| Haiga - part 2 | 73 |
| Tanka | 79 |
| Haiga - part 3 | 104 |
| Haibun | 109 |
| Haiga - part 4 | 166 |
| Tanka Prose | 171 |
| Haiga - part 5 | 189 |
| List of Poets and Artists | 194 |

PEACE OUT



Dhaatri Vengunad Menon

Introduction

In “*The Book of Disquiet*,” his “factless autobiography,” the Portuguese poet and literary master, Fernando Pessoa, describes a pervading impulse to “shutter” his window against the world. Given the current protracted war in the Ukraine, the energy supply crisis, widespread disasters of wildfires, drought, hurricanes, and the growing economic fallout, I imagine that many of us have felt a similar disquiet.

For Pessoa, such doubt and hesitation were “the absurd twin energies” that powered his literary drive. In a similar way, the exchanges between the poets and editors have fuelled our own artistic aspirations in such times. Geethanjali who has been with us since the relaunch of *cattails* in April 2017, time and again, extols not only the quality of the poems she receives but also the kindness of the poets with whom she engages. Lavana’s passion and dedication shine in every issue. Notwithstanding Covid and travels David delivers another fantastic selection. Jenny Fraser has embraced her first-time role as Tanka Editor with punctilious attention to the nuances of the form. Behind the scenes, Mike works tirelessly and with admirable patience with a plethora of issues: missing poems, various scripts of the poets’ original languages, layout of poems and images. This in addition to his editing the Tanka Prose section.

We wish to express our deep gratitude to Susan Constable who was Tanka Editor during the pandemic. She unfailingly worked with the poets to deliver quality poems. We wish her continued success in all her endeavours.

Dhaatri Vengunad Menon’s Kat & Apila provide a compelling angle on current issues. Shobhana Kumar, as Associate Editor, managing the e-newsletter and Facebook and Twitter handles for *cattails* is another discreet and invaluable member of the team.

This issue features Christina Chin’s jewel-like paintings of birds in Peninsular Malaysia and Borneo States. It has been an immense pleasure and learning experience working with Christina. Our deep thanks to her.

I leave you with Pessoa’s thought that when faced with the “unbearable tedium” of an “alienating world” it is the very “earthiness of language” that gives “spice” and warmth to our experience.

Sonam Chhoki

from Susan Constable – former Tanka Editor

I can't step down as the Tanka Editor for *cattails* without thanking all of you who have trusted me with your poems for the past two years. I've not only learned a lot; I've also thoroughly enjoyed reading your work and offering what I hope have been helpful suggestions. It's difficult to step away from people and activities that bring us pleasure, but sometimes it's the best or necessary thing to do. This is one of those occasions.

My sincere thanks to Sonam Chhoki, and Mike Montreuil for all their behind-the-scenes contributions that help make *cattails* such a success. I deeply appreciate your knowledge, professionalism, creativity, and support. In fact, everyone who shares their time and talent to this journal deserves our gratitude!

A big thank you as well to Jenny Fraser for taking on the role of Tanka Editor, beginning with the current issue of *cattails*. Your acceptance of this position is appreciated, and I hope you enjoy the experience as much as I did.

With many thanks and best wishes to you all,

Susan

Haiku



Crimson sunbird

new granddaughter
the soft pink
of peonies

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

first train through a town
voices of children
run after it

Justice Joseph Prah, Ghana

caterpillar
pausing our walk
the little things

Jamie Wimberly, USA

a spring brook
streaming from the tarn
frog song

en vårbäck
strömmande från tjärnen
grodsång

Marianne Sahlin, Sweden

rising vertically
from long grass
a chirrup and a trill

Norman Silver, UK

pausing her stitch
grandma imitates
the chickadee

Kerry J Heckman, USA

husks in the field
deer glean the remains
of last year's harvest

Allyson Whipple, USA

Spring's return
on the shores of the lake
cans reappear

retour du printemps
à nouveau des canettes
sur les rives du lac

Marie Derley, Belgium

small town sky
the clouds have nowhere
else to be

Srinivas S, India

this silent walk
a butterfly's softness
on a thistle flower

Ernest Wit, Poland

out of the
corner of my eye
whiff of azalea

Sondra J. Byrnes, USA

one hour drive . . .
no closer to the end
of birdsong

zamudna vožnja . . .
čisto nič bližje koncu
vrabčjega speva

Samo Kreutz, Slovenia

two puppies
play in the rice husk —
evening light

Kanchan Chatterjee, India

headlit hedge
sheep's eyes ablaze
in furze

Mike Gallagher, Ireland

smoke curls upward lark's song

烟雾袅袅，云雀高歌

David He, China

sleeping late
a thrush leaves its whistle
near my door

Sanjukta Asopa, India

clear lake
between every rock
rainbow trout

Anthony Lusardi, USA

hide and seek
after a receding wave
the rushing crab

igra skrivača
za odlazećim valom
juri račić

Nina Kovačić, Croatia

a sea turtle
arrives on a wave . . .
my held breath

Kala Ramesh, India

the rescue kitten's eyes open June showers

Anna Cates, USA

solstice evening
a child's bouquet
of twigs and feathers

Almila Dükel, Turkey

red poppies
in misty rain—
this life a long dream

Deborah A. Bennett, USA

summer garden fritillary in the fuchsia

Michael Dylan Welch, USA

childhood lawn
cicadas all day
fireflies at dusk

Gerald Friedman, USA

warm meadow
the buttery smell
of cows

David Kāwika Eyre, USA

goldfinches
she names
the first few

P. H. Fischer, Canada

country drive
the cows' tails bob
to the soundtrack

Susan Beth Furst, USA

tarmac path . . .
an abundance of cherry pips
left by the birds

Robert Kingston, UK

busy boulevard
medians bulging
with poppies

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, USA

native village
even a vicious dog
wags its tail

Bakhtiyar Amini, Germany

a swarm of fireflies
at the edge of the marsh
night train

un roi de licurici
la marginea mlastinii
tren de noapte

Mircea Moldovan, Romania

country border —
the mixed twitter of young
house martins

državna granica —
pomiješao se cvrkut
mladih lasti

Silva Trstenjak, Croatia
Translated by D. V. Rozic

high noon
in the town square
two geckos face off

Jay Friedenber, USA

hydrangea bush
a little girl wrapped
in an army jacket

cespuglio d'ortensia
una bambina avvolta
in una giacca militare

Carmela Marino, Italy

lavender field
each child lost
in war

Nicholas Klacsanzky, USA

behind a chain-link fence
among fallen branches . . .
yellow trout lilies

Jill Lange, USA

dried flowers
in the waiting room
fellow sufferers

Eva Limbach, Germany

summer breeze —
dandelion seeds
in the cracked asphalt

poletna sapa —
regratova semena
v razpokah asfalta

Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia

a hummingbird
searches the tall lily
another dry day

Susan Farner, USA

squash blossom
the sizzle
of sunburn

Marilyn Ashbaugh, USA

dry season
minnows closer
to their shadows

Bryan Rickert, USA

heat wave
even the owl hoots
in slow motion

Don Baird, USA

sidelong glance
the language in a swipe
of the cat's tail

David Watts, USA

pausing long enough
to be forgotten —
cat pounce

Ben Gaa, USA

almost evening
a suspended silence
marks the border

sera quasi
un silenzio sospeso
segna il confine

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo,
The Netherlands

clear sky
the stars smell
of jasmine

Alan Peat, UK

monsoon long due . . .
moonlight fills the cracks
in a paddy field

Meera Rehm, UK

scattered stars
the spill
of wattle blossom

Gavin Austin, Australia

weather radar . . .
a sudden downpour
of mayflies

Julie Schwerin, USA

twilight downpour
under the old banyan
another storyteller

Bhawana Rathore, India

thunderstorm —
another sweltering day
in greyscale

Lorin Ford, Australia

wet bamboo the smell of sun

Adrian Bouter, The Netherlands

ridge hiking
the hollow suck of mud
under feet

John Zheng, USA

fly fishing—
the simplicity
of riversong

Kevin Valentine, USA

moving the stagnant pond a mosquito

John Budan, USA

lake portage
the loon carries a chick
on her back

Kristen Lindquist , USA

estuary wind—
ripples in the blue sky
and clouds at my toes

Meg Arnot, UK

face-to-face
no matter which angle
a jumping spider

Ingrid Baluchi, Macedonia

chasing magpies
his white paws
turn brown

Tom Staudt, Australia

weed whacking
the plant I cut off earlier
back again

Edward J. Rielly, USA

sparkling in the grass
the sapphire blue petals
shed by borage

Amanda Bell, Ireland

deep woods
the depths of unfurling
bluebells

Ben Oliver, UK

campanula
all the stars in a heap
on the stairs

Tony Williams, UK

overripe damsons
a late summer choir
landing in the pond

C.X.Turner, UK

again swallows leave
the wildflower meadow
where we lay

Keith Evetts, UK

what ifs
scrawled on the sand . . .
waves lapping blue

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

awakened
by the silence
not even a housefly

Nola Obee, Canada

the tree long gone —
still at summer's end I taste
a few phantom pears

Robert Epstein, USA

the bay
sliced open
black skimmer

Jeff Hoagland, USA

morning fog lifting
the valley filled
with hawk shrieks

Dian Duchin Reed, USA

so different
the moonlight . . .
squid ink

così diversa
la luce della luna . . .
nero di seppia

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore, Italy

mandala meditation
on the clear blue sky
a crow circles

Gwen Bitti, Australia

blanket in sunshine
the wind's fingers in her fur
one last time

John Hawkhead, UK

roadkill . . .
one wing waves
as we pass

Quendryth Young, Australia (EC)

sun setting
on her shoulder
a bandaged springhare sleeps

Lysa Collins, Canada

summer twilight—
the old cemetery
alive with midges

Sean O'Connor, Ireland

fallen fledgling . . .
a cortege of ants
lifts its wings

Laurie Greer, USA

exoskeleton
the death rattle
of ghost crabs

Matthew Caretti, American Samoa

bare heads
of dandelions
roadside shrine

Gregory Longenecker, USA (EC)

rift valley
grief pulls us apart
at the seams

Debbie Strange, Canada

arranging the lilies —
a roomful
of mourners' voices

Michael Battisto, USA

just the right words
and a spadeful of earth
pet hamster

Frank Hooven, USA

tsunami . . .
one headstone
for many

సునామీ . . .
అనేక మందికి
ఒకే శిలాఫలకం

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi, India

island cemetery
mussel shell shards
and driftwood

Brad Bennett, USA

memorial plaque
for unmarked graves
still waters

Jon Hare, USA

cloud cover
the first etches
of twilight

Joanna Ashwell, UK

a barred owl calls gently the night rain

Aron Rothstein, USA

moonlit tidal flats
the heron's beak flashes
thrashing silver

Cynthia Rowe, Australia (EC)

autumn rain—
a piece of sky falls
in the courtyard

शरद ऋतु वर्षा—
आसमान का एक टुकड़ा गिरा
आँगन में

Neena Singh, India

stray cat
licking the saucer
of moonlight

Robert Witmer, Japan

a female cardinal
grooms her outstretched wing
October sunlight

Rich Heller, USA

from pumpkins
to scarecrow's nose . . .
a sparrow

brett brady, USA

eucalyptus wind
every tree hole
forms a sound

Ramesh Anand, India

meeting at twilight—
the stillness
of the rushing river

Laurie D. Morrissey, USA

the net gone . . .
even the fisherman's cry
whipped by the ocean

sieć zniknęła . . .
ocean zabrał nawet
płacz rybaka

Eugeniusz Zacharski, Poland

datura bloom
a hawkmoth unfurls her tongue
into moonlight

Janet Ruth, USA

remains
of a midnight dirge
scattered turtle eggshells

Jim Krotzman, USA

incoming tide
a kite half buried
in moonlight

Carol Raisfeld, USA

in one ear
and out the other
autumn wind

Michael Henry Lee, USA

hearing loss . . .
autumn leaves
fall silent

Jo McInerney, Australia

frost moon
a hawk lets go
of a dead oak

Michael Baeyens, Belgium

falling leaves . . .
remembering her songs
as the casket descends

Stephenie Story, USA

pine needles . . .
the floor of my first
church camp

Geoff Pope, USA

poplar leaves
twist in the wind . . .
autumn stars

frunzele plopilor
se răsucesc în vânt . . .
stele de toamnă

Steliana Cristina Voicu, Romania

so many
dreams ago . . .
the whispering wind

Angela Terry, USA

falling leaves
we lose count
of the Leonids

Joshua St. Claire, USA

the glow
in a stray cat's eyes
sickle moon

Sandi Pray, USA

before chemo
mom caressing
the corn silk

înainte de chimio -
mama mângâie
mătasea de porumb

Florin C. Ciobica, Romania

bald spot . . .
the old Maple tree
sheds its bark

Roberta Beach Jacobson, USA

windless day
a young woman collects
dead leaves

senza vento
una donna raccoglie
foglie morte

Nazarena Rampini, Italy

cornfield stubble
a cock pheasant
stretches his wings

Nika, Canada

my day begins
with a child's laughter
scattered snowdrops

Dan Curtis, Canada

intensive care
the miles of tubes tapping
the winter maples

Jim Chessing, USA

the first snow
a happy tail
wags the puppy

pierwszy śnieg
wesoly ogonek
merda szczeniakiem

Bo Jaroszek, Poland

patches of snow
a series of bear scratches
on the cabin door

Bruce H. Feingold, USA

winter sparkle
a carrion crow pecks
at black ice

David Gale, UK

snowy fields
on the way to my parents
horses in blankets

Agnes Eva Savich, USA

winter evening . . .
ceaseless rain sweeps
away my tulsi

Gurpreet Kamaljit Kundra, India

Kilauea
a lahar explodes again
meeting the ocean

Richard Tice, USA

grandfather koi
a lifetime of long-distance
circling the same rock

Mike Fainzilber, Israel

a small girl
sings to her leaf
crab nebula

Bill Cooper, USA

blossoms burst
from a broken eucalypt
we too will mend

Hazel Hall, Australia

quartet
searching for love
in the clover field

Marilyn Fleming, USA

spring miracle
the old, mused oak tree
sprouts anew

Frühlingswunder
die alte, zerzauste Eiche
schlägt neu aus

Pitt Buerken, Germany

Editor's Choices (EC) - Haiku

In the midst of multiple waves of the pandemic, discontent that rages in many parts of the world and environmental disasters in many continents that have led to heat waves and terrible floods, the quantity and quality of submissions that reached the haiku desk at *cattails*, is a gentle reminder that hope is a lamp with a steady flame. Thank you, dear poet colleagues, for sharing your inner and outer worlds with the community through your gentle (yet powerful) verse.

花鳥風月 or 'kachoufuugetsu', a concept that many haiku poets are familiar with, is the Japanese term that directly translates as: flower, bird, wind, moon. In other words, the term refers to the beauty of nature (though in the earlier eras, it was also used to refer to grace and elegance in art.) As an extension, today, it could well point to the need for *harmonious* existence with and in our environment. This time while many of the selected poems have stunning images stemming from the close observation of the beauty around us, some of the haiku also speak of our current conditions of dealing with rising temperatures and deluges. I hope that the haiku on exploding lahars, cans on the shore, tsunamis and cracked asphalt resonate with you as much as the black skimmer, campanula, the grandfather koi, the happy tail or the poppies in misty rain.

It was challenging to choose just a few haiku to comment on, but presented here are three haiku that I hope you enjoy as much as I did.



moonlit tidal flats
the heron's beak flashes
thrashing silver

Cynthia Rowe
Australia

Cynthia Rowe shares with us the beauty of tidal flats lit by the moon – a lovely image of stillness and calm, which she deftly steers into one of fast movement. The ‘thrashing silver’ in the third line comes in as a surprise! Just when the reader expects a flash of light on the heron’s beak, the poet brings in an image of the prey, using just one word – ‘thrashing’. If the phrase was – ‘the heron’s beak flashes silver’, it would be an ordinary (albeit, beautiful) scene. What lifted the haiku to a stunning image was the silver of the ‘thrashing’ fish, which links back to the calmer silver of the moonlit tidal flats. The tension of stillness and movement in this haiku transfixes the reader’s visual mind. The haiku also made me reflect on the natural cycle of life and death and the balance between the two in nature. Thank you, Cynthia, for this lesson in close observation and for conveying so much by not saying too much!



roadkill . . .
one wing waves
as we pass

Quendryth Young, Australia

Quendryth Young brings us this image of death, shock, sadness and helplessness in so few words. Roadkill is a common enough occurrence and by placing it in line 1 with an ellipsis, the poet builds the scene and baits the reader’s curiosity. The fragment is not one that points to the natural cycle of life and death, but one of destruction by human beings. This leads the reader to wonder what was killed and by whom and how. What we get in the phrase is just a simple but pathos-filled description of the scene as the vehicle drives past. One wing moves calling out to those who drive by. Most people won’t or can’t stop. A scene of an accident that leaves the reader staring at the bird even as they zip by. Thank you, Quendryth, for this haiku of just seven words that left me with a sense of helplessness, in the same way that we sometimes could not be by the side of the ones we wanted to be with, during the dark and lonely times of this pandemic.



bare heads
of dandelions
roadside shrine

Gregory Longenecker
USA

Gregory Longenecker presents a very simple haiku with two juxtaposed images in just six words— the bare heads of dandelions and then, a roadside shrine. On one level, this poem uses a traditional approach of simple words and everyday images, something that takes us to the classical approach to writing haiku. The poet's presence is found in his active absence. On deeper engagement, the haiku reveals layers. The bare heads of dandelions is indicative of a time after the dandelion puffballs disperse the seeds. Doesn't it also allude to making wishes, some of which may come true and many of which probably won't? The last image of a 'roadside shrine' takes the reader onto prayer. When we have exhausted our quota of wishes and are granted no more (the bare heads of dandelions), perhaps, hope survives through a chink, in the symbol of a little roadside shrine. Thank you, Greg Longenecker, for reminding me of all the wishes that I can still make!

Till the next time, stay well and stay happy!

Gratitude,
Geethanjali

Haiga — Part 1

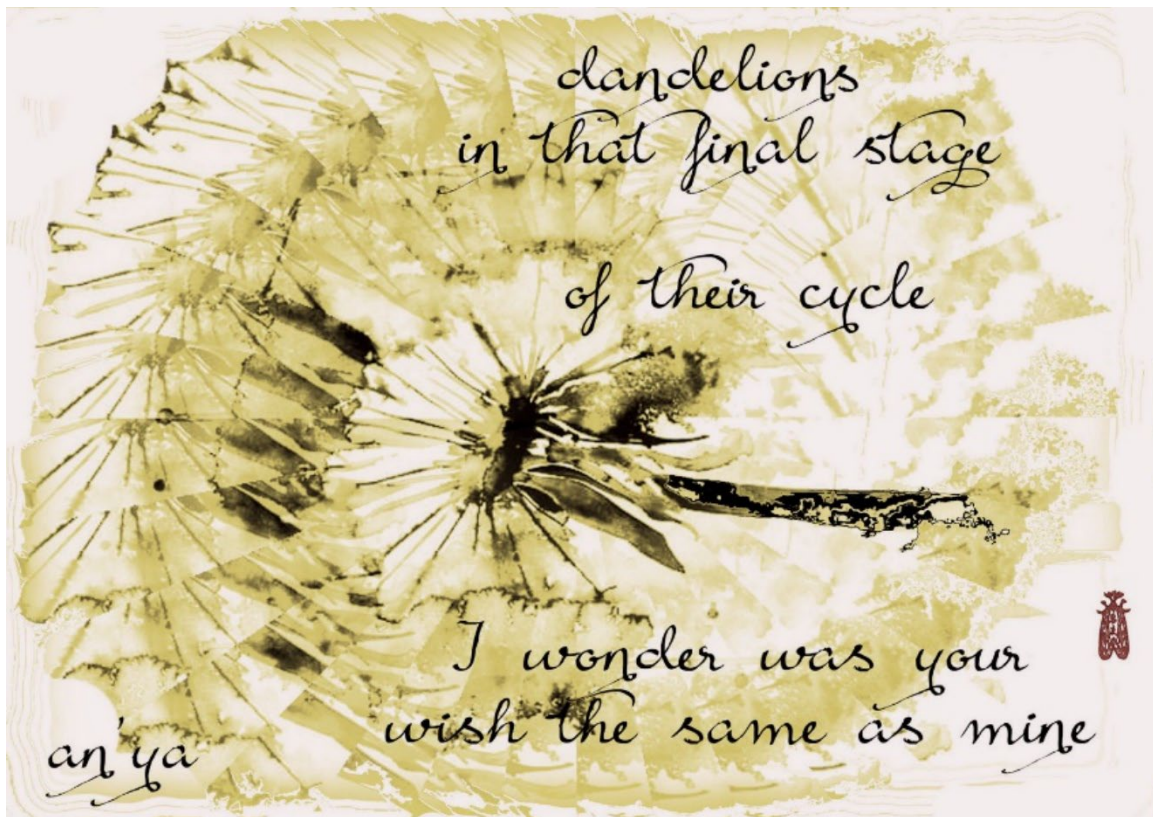
Amrutha Prabhu — India

on top of a bus
an ocean of strangers
waving hands
with a subtle rhythm
i am moved

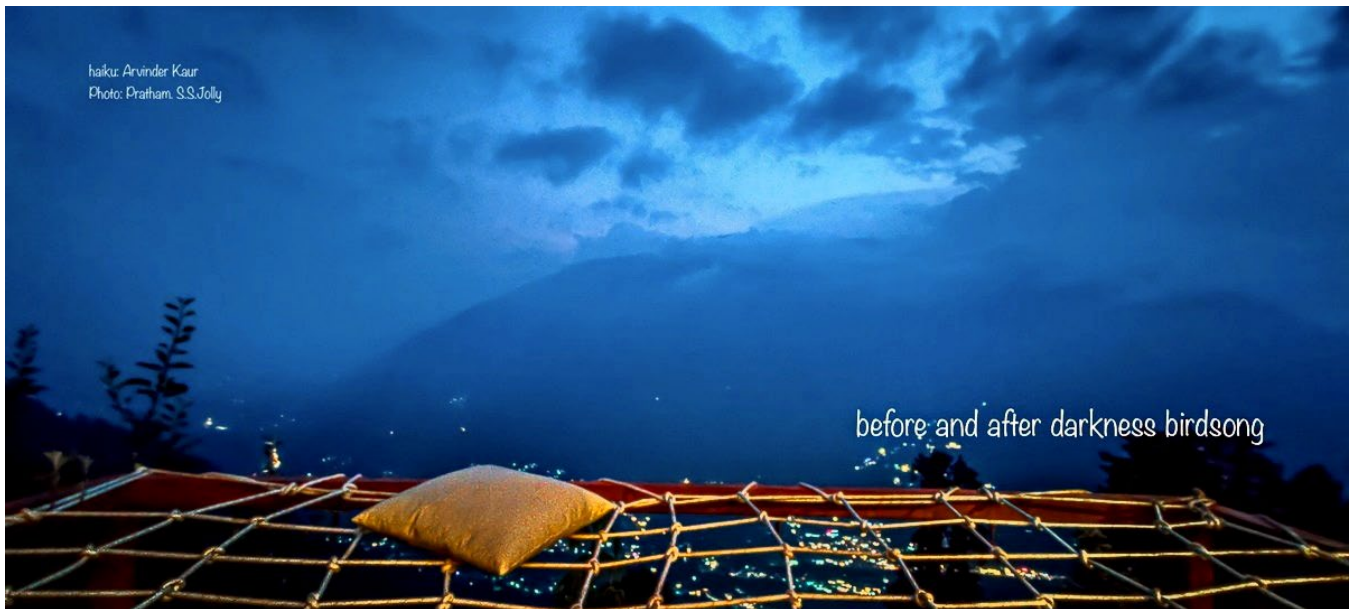


*Amrutha V. Prabhu
Bengaluru, India*

An'ya — USA



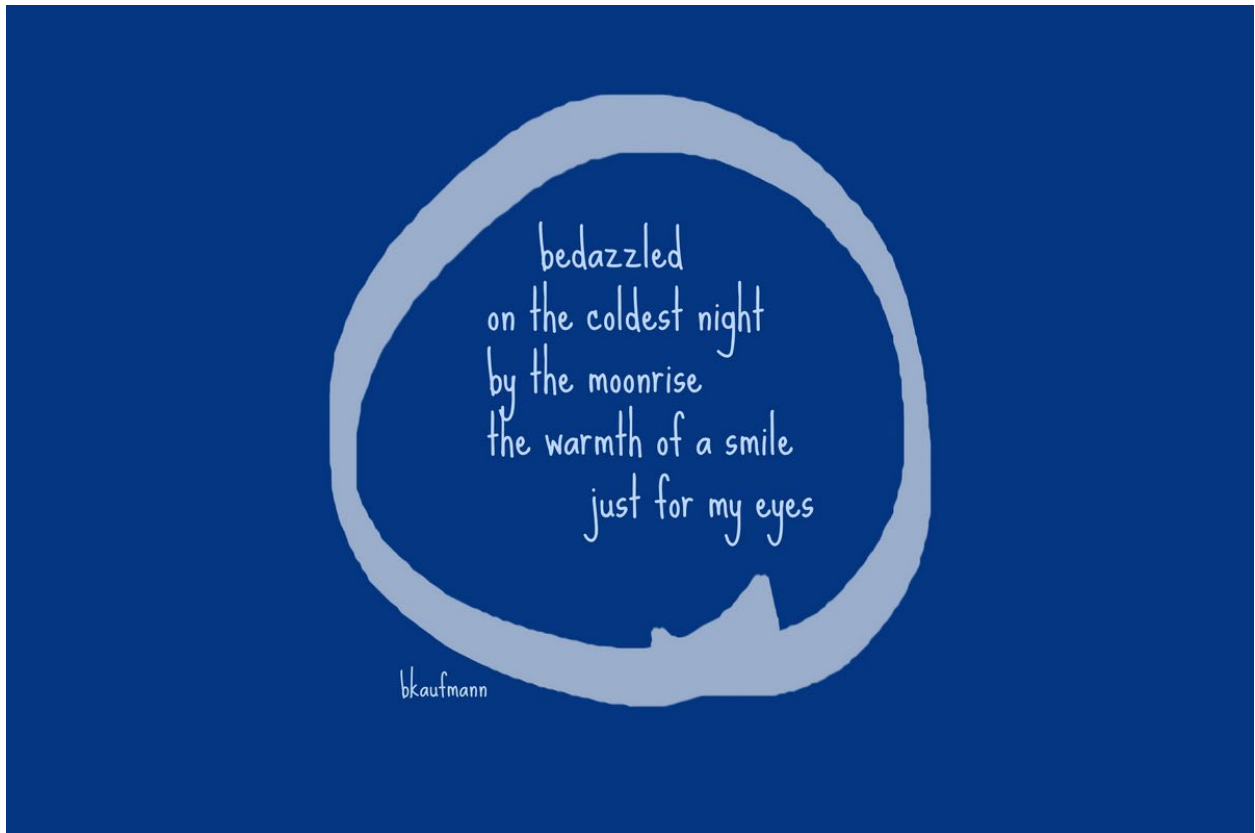
Arvinder Kaur, haiku & Pratham S. S. Jolly, photo — India



haiku: Arvinder Kaur
Photo: Pratham S.S.Jolly

before and after darkness birdsong

Barbara Kaufmann — USA



Dan Hardison — USA



earthy delight

along the confetti trail . . .

autumn walk

Dan Hardison

Debbie Strange — Canada



Senryu



Female Asian koel

my life
in circles—
coffee rings

m'abrabɔ
kɔ ntwaaho
kɔfe nkawa

Adjei Agyei-Baah, Ghana

dandelion fluff
not to appear greedy
I save some wishes

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

full moon the sounds of crepuscular sons

Alan Peat, UK

post-pandemic date
we see through
each other's mask

Alvin B. Cruz, Philippines

our eyes lock
across the aisle
bumpty landing

Bernadette O'Reilly, Ireland

house hunt
i inspect every corner
with my father's glasses

घर की तलाशी
अपने पिता के चश्मे से
मैं हर कोने का निरीक्षण करती हूं

ಮನೆ ಹುಡುಕಾಟ
ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆಯ ಕನ್ನಡಕದಿಂದ
ನಾನು ಪ್ರತಿಯೊಂದು ಮೂಲೆಯನ್ನು ಪರಿಶೀಲಿಸುತ್ತೇನೆ

Amrutha Prabhu, India

last ferry of the season —
their summer romance
ends on schedule

storefront window —
no mannequin shaped
just like me

Angela Terry, USA

old mugs
the first handle to detach
depicts Hollywood

Bill Cooper, USA

morning rain
the quiet sound she makes
stretching

whisky moon
getting full
of myself

Ben Gaa, USA (EC)

second day
the students still
in alphabetical order

Brad Bennett, USA

pottery wheel
a shape to hold
this emptiness

Bryan Rickert, USA (EC)

coming home
my robot vacuum meets
me on the stairway

Pitt Buerken, Germany

mime party . . .
the DJ playing
a blank tape

Carol Raisfeld, USA

snowy drizzle
her parting words
stick

毛毛雨和雪
她的最後告別的話
揮不之去

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

vowels
my granddaughter
swallows them whole

Christine Eales, UK

cruise ship magic show
my husband missing
his watch

Christine Wenk-Harrison, USA

lunar eclipse
the part of me
I barely know

gerhana bulan
sisi lain diriku
yang tak kukenal

Christopher Calvin, Indonesia

old diary
no more space
to grow

C. X. Turner, UK

fishing with grandpa —
his wanting to stay
just a little bit longer

Curt Pawlisch, USA

her wake
the last of the day
slides by

Cynthia Rowe, Australia

house starlings —
my grandpa adjusts
the radio frequency

Daipayan Nair, India

her moods —
the back and forth
of my saw

David Kāwika Eyre, USA

last treatment
I pour tea
into my future

David Watts, USA (EC)

shore lunch
we pan-fry fillets
of the past

Debbie Strange, Canada

cactus garden
no need for
a fence

Dian Duchin Reed, USA

post covid —
missing
my loneliness

D. V. Rozic, Croatia

as if
it was love
cut flower

Elisa Theriana, Indonesia

night club
the girl with a perfect
moontan

Ernest Wit, Poland

new beginnings
I feel the packing tape
for an end

Gavin Austin, Australia (EC)

your sharp tongue —
the wine glass shattered
in my hand

Hazel Hall, Australia

last day on the job—
the joyful smell
of burning bridges

Ian Mullins, UK

garbage dump . . .
a homeless man with
someone else's memories

deponija . . .
u ruci beskućnika
tuđe uspomene

autumn clouds . . .
in mother's shaking hand
her medical report

jesenji oblaci . . .
u drhtavoj ruci majke
njen liječnički nalaz

Ivan Gaćina, Croatia

puppy
in a metal vise
mammogram

Janet Ruth Heller, USA

shooting gallery
grandma adjusts
the gunsight

Jim Krotzman, USA

bar gossip
the clicks
of billiard balls

café roddel
het klikken
van biljartballen

Joanne van Helvoort,
The Netherlands

how it all started
the curve of a railway line
joining another

on the black run
the sheer sided slopes
of her cardiogram

John Hawkhead, UK

empty street
a hobo crouches to feed
a stray cat

John Zheng, USA

obits
the many names
for death

Joseph P. Wechselberger, USA

down it again
the road we once thought
was going somewhere

woolgathering my thoughts stuck on barbed wire

Julie Schwerin, USA

for sale
the neighbors
we never met

Justin Brown, USA

butcher's shop
the eyes of the spaniel
tied up outside

Keith Evetts, UK

war museum
a soldier's letter
half burnt half torn

போர் அருங்காட்சியகம்
ஒரு சிப்பாயின் கடிதம்
பாதி எரிந்தது பாதி கிழிந்தது

Lakshmi Iyer, India

leaving it
where it lies . . .
immobile phone

Laurie D. Morrissey, USA

broken dishes
we scream
about love

Lawrence Grant Bassett, USA

covid masks
people
we knew

LeRoy Gorman, Canada

after a week
the bananas still green
empty mailbox

Lesley Anne Swanson, USA

outdoor church service
a sneeze
amply blessed

Lori Becherer, USA

handbag search . . .
digging deeper
into her past

Lori Kiefer, UK

a man arrives
to trim the hedges —
his bushy beard

Maeve O'Sullivan, Ireland

power outage
in the crowded lift the blind girl
soothes her dog

Mark Miller, Australia

white chalk
her absence
outlined

Marilyn Fleming, USA

spring cleaning
my youngest nephew
tries on a rug

M. R. Defibaugh, USA

first chess set
the pieces
of my childhood

Maurice Nevile, Australia

catkins
a teenager touches
their moustache

Maya Daneva, The Netherlands

warm black granite—
your grandson touches
your name

Melanie Brown Sabol, USA

bewitching hour
the cat wins another
battle of wills

Michael Henry Lee, USA

a soft hiss
on the dance floor
all the wheelchairs pirouette

Mike Fainzilber, Israel

rocky road
the rollicking rhythm
of a rattling cart

Mike Gallagher, Ireland

lorry's shade—
the driver's pressure cooker
whistles for breakfast

Milan Rajkumar, India

ripe pears
our lamentations
in separate rooms

pere coapte
lamentarile noastre
in camere separate

Mircea Moldovan, Romania

mountain silence
the things i hide
from myself

snowmelt —
i miss another chance
of letting go

Mona Bedi, India (EC)

tears in the rain
yet we are still
holding hands

СЪЛЗИ В ДЪЖДА
и все пак все още
се държим за ръце

Nadejda Kostadinova, Bulgaria

late night
the old fan hums
a monologue

देर रात
एक जीर्ण पंखा करे
एकालाप

Neena Singh, India

the silence
of burning candles
Juneteenth

Nika, Canada

poison hemlock
will I ever
know myself?

Norman Silver, UK

weight loss
my body bag
sagging

Quendryth Young, Australia

my fear of anility
rather than death
cherry blossom

Radostina Dragostinova, Bulgaria

backlit leaf
I wish I could
read her mind

Ravi Kiran, India

after rain
the paperboy
curled at the edges

Richard Kakol, Australia

long desert trail
the dust devils
stir our silence

Richard L. Matta, USA

grainy footage
without sound a torpedo
drops into the sea

Richard Tice, USA

notwithstandingtheheat your cold stare

Robert Epstein, USA

new growth
on an uprooted tree —
I still cling on

Rohan Buettel, Australia

afternoon rain
tuning the radio
to static

Ryland Shengzhi Li, USA

birthday present —
she loves
the wrapping paper

Saumya Bansal, India

face mask
by the size of his ears
I determine his age

Silva Trstenjak, Croatia
Translated by D. V. Rozic

horoscope
an orphan reads
every sun sign

రాశిఫలం
ఓ అనాథ అన్ని రాశులు
చదువుతున్నాడు

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi, India

cloudy day
touching a stranger
with a smile

winter wind . . .
holding mother's hand
she passes into silence

Stephenie Story, USA

mask/no mask the quick-change artist loses face

Susan Beth Furst, USA

magic mirror my flaws crawl away

Susan Burch, USA (EC)

a familiar face
trying to remember
whatshisname's name

Terrie Jacks, USA

breakfast for two
grandpa's budgie picks crumbs
off his moustache

Tom Staudt, Australia

cappuccino for one —
the price she pays
for people watching

Tony Williams, UK

tuning pegs my finger along her neck tendon

Tyler McIntosh, USA

brothers compete
who can stand straightest
before father's casket

Tyson West, USA

Newton's cradle
the reactions
to my actions

Valentina Ranaldi-Adams, USA

flag limp
on its staff
State-of-the-Union

William Scott Galasso, USA

Editor's Choices (EC) - Senryu

Once again, it has been a pleasure and an honour to provide this small selection of senryu from the vast array of submissions. During the compilation of this issue, I have admired several poems which have drawn me into incomplete scenarios and offered me the imaginative space to investigate them. I think it is a true skill to take a personal experience and find a way of opening it out to a wider readership. I hope my enjoyment of these pieces will encourage you to reinvestigate them.

morning rain
the quiet sound she makes
stretching

Ben Gaa, USA

Ben sets the scene with the image of rain. Or perhaps it's the sound of rain. Even simple words can evoke different senses for different people. Rain in the morning. Is this bad news or good news? Will it spoil a morning commute, or will it delay some chores in the garden? It seems the sound of rain is not loud, as it is still possible to hear quiet sounds over it. Who is it making these sounds? It could be a person, but could it equally be a pet? The poem has lovely sonics. The 's' sounds in the second line offer a gentle sibilance (perhaps like the background noise of rain). At the last line, there's something about the word 'stretching' that makes me think of bones, muscles and tendons rearranging themselves in a satisfying manner. I found that once I'd enjoyed the immediacy of the poem, I could linger to explore the spaces.



pottery wheel
a shape to hold
this emptiness

Bryan Rickert, USA

This is a poem I keep coming back to. As I reread it, I find more to consider. On the surface, there is a 'pottery wheel' contrasted with 'emptiness'. Perhaps Bryan is offering us the contrast of strength and weakness, but there also seems to be a contrast between 'something' and 'nothing'. In addition, emptiness evokes destruction where the pottery wheel evokes creation. When I initially considered the two images, they did not appear to have any clear association. However, the poem offered me space to investigate links between those images and they now feel inextricably bound to one another.



last treatment
I pour tea
into my future

David Watts, USA

This senryu appears to describe a momentous occasion. A 'last treatment'. David doesn't tell us if this is good news or bad news. Can we deduce that from what the poem reveals? It isn't obvious to me. We don't even know if the tea is being poured before or after the 'last treatment'. And so, we cannot be sure whether the future contains answers or questions. It is exactly because there are gaps in its telling that I'm sure this poem will strike a chord with many readers.



new beginnings
I feel the packing tape
for an end

Gavin Austin, Australia

We are given the idea of ‘new beginnings’, but we are not told how dramatic the situation is. Is someone moving from one room to another, one office to another, one street to another, one country to another? There is ample space here for us (the readers) to bring our own experiences and find relevance. The image of searching a roll of tape for its end is one that I am very familiar with. But once again, what does this symbolise? Is a single box being sealed or are many items being carefully wrapped and then packed? There are so many different stories which could be told with this one poem.



snowmelt—
i miss another chance
of letting go

Mona Bedi, India

This is a senryu poem to its core. ‘letting go’ is such a fundamental process of emotional growth. There are so many things which might be let go. Baggage has so many forms. The comparison with how fallen snow can disappear as it melts is very striking. Here is a tangible image of movement. It seems the narrator only becomes aware of their own potential for progress when they witness a transition within the natural world. Beauty infused with melancholy.



biopsy report--
how the afternoon light
changes

Sondra J. Byrnes, USA

Sondra provides us with another momentous occasion. We are not told whether the report contains good news or bad news. What I find most fascinating about this senryu is contained in the 'phrase' (lines 2 and 3). It seems like the world is reacting to the news rather than the narrator. It's not unusual for people to experience a sense of denial when confronted with dramatic news (good or bad). Perhaps changes in the light are helping with the narrator's processing of the news in the report? As Sondra does such an excellent job of removing the narrator from the story, it leaves readers the opportunity to place themselves in that changing afternoon light and ponder the future.



spring begins
all the things I did
not teach my son

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi, India

Srinivasa offers us the clear image of a new spring. I wonder if this line might also be interpreted as a new chapter in a life. The second and third lines provide an opportunity to slide backwards and forwards along a timeline. The narrator considers a catalogue of potential commissions in their son's future, perhaps due to a catalogue of omissions in the past. Without needing to be specific, Srinivasa has tapped into an abiding fear of parents – how have they shaped the future of the next generation? Did they pass on all the important stuff when they had the chance?



magic mirror my flaws crawl away

Susan Burch, USA

Perhaps the 'space' in this poem might be considered the 'magic mirror' or the reader's imagination, or both. This is another poem that demanded rereading. There are some beautiful word choices here which start with gentle alliteration and lead into seductive assonance. Susan has created a sonic tapestry for us to savour before we start trying to make further sense of the piece. As we are dealing with a 'magic mirror', it can do more than change physical appearance. The user can rewrite their habits, mannerisms, behaviour, personality, and aspirations. Knowing the damage social media can cause, I think such a 'magic mirror' should be considered a truly terrifying weapon of self-destruction.

David J Kelly



Haiga — Part 2

Dian Duchin Reed — USA



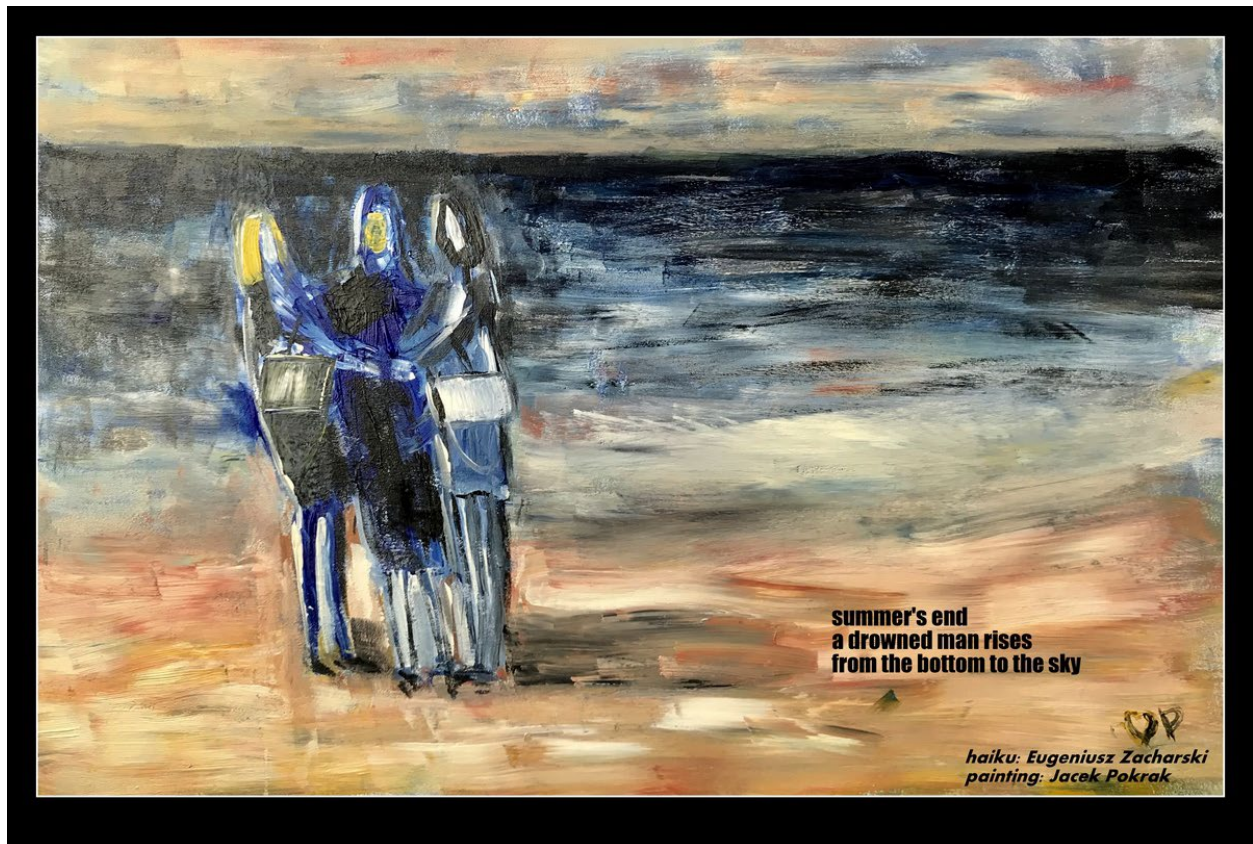
Dimitrij Skrk — Slovenia



Djurdja V. Rozic — Croatia



Eugeniusz Zacharski, haiku & Jacek Pokrak, painting — Poland



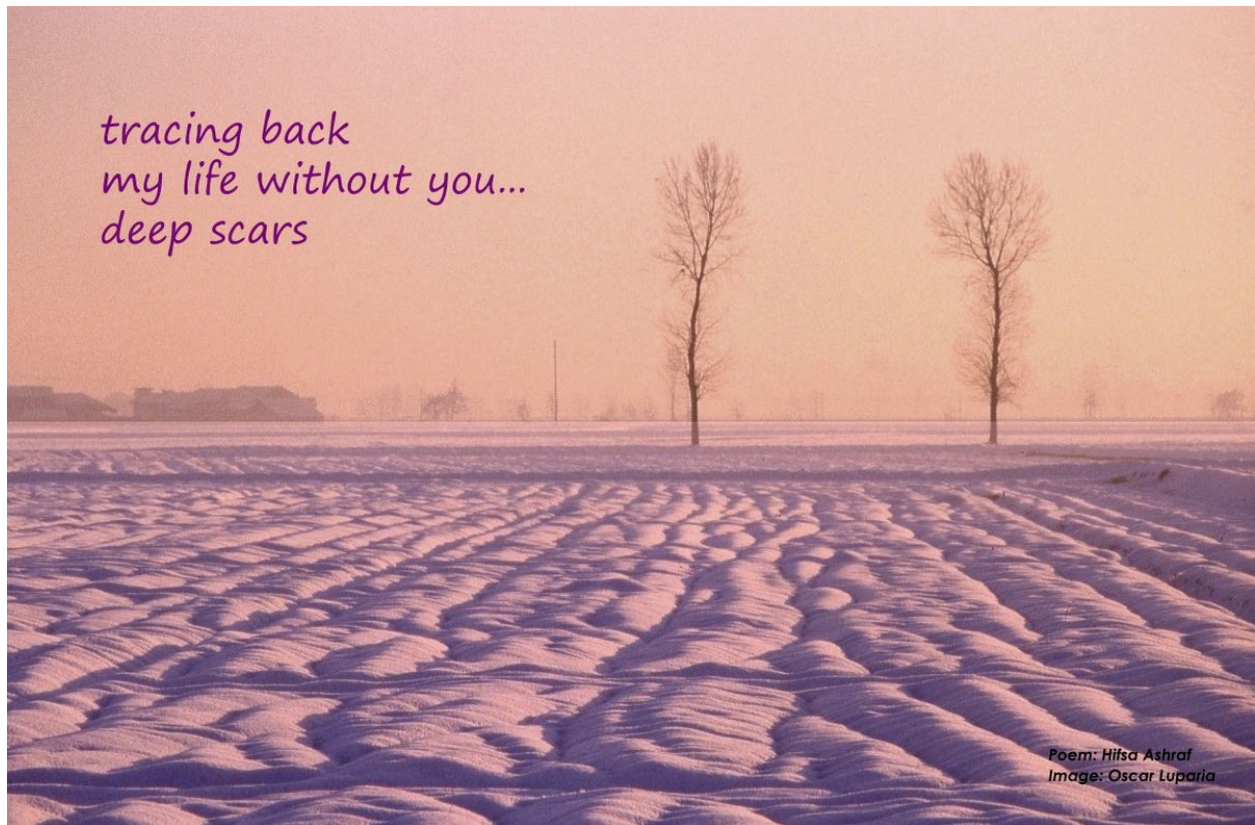
**summer's end
a drowned man rises
from the bottom to the sky**

*haiku: Eugeniusz Zacharski
painting: Jacek Pokrak*

Franjo Ordanic, haiku & Sandra Samec, photo — Croatia



Hifsa Ashraf, haiku — Pakistan & Oscar Luparia, image — Italy



Tanka



Asian Fairy bluebirds – Male on the right, at the Bako National Park, Sarawak, Borneo. Resident. Some species are near-threatened.

a galaxy
of fireflies
on the grassy trail
I let go of thoughts
that don't matter anymore

Hifsa Ashraf, Pakistan (EC)

a swan family
floats among the stars . . .
out of nowhere
the old fisherman
starts crying

o familie de lebede
plutește printre stele . . .
dintr-odată
un pescar bătrân
începe-a plânge

Florin C Ciobica, Romania

the elegance
among the remains
of a drowned forest
on a still lake
a flotilla of black swans

Marilyn Humbert, Australia

such a beautiful
book of poems
but is it worth
the life
of an autumn pine?

Ryland Shengzhi Li, USA

forests know
how to communicate
in silence
we press our ears against
the loamy earth and listen

Debbie Strange, Canada

snow-layered silence
outside her bedroom window
she listens to the old pines
soughing needles
and soothing anxiety

Jo Balistreri, USA

one spring day
rolls into the next . . .
honeysuckle
knitting the neighbor's yard
to mine

Bryan Rickert, USA

his dark wit
once barbed with barristers
crossed judges . . .
now garden slugs try
his grey eminence

Tyson West, USA

the real prayer
before going
to church
the hour
spent in the garden

Bryan Rickert, USA

fashion week urging
new outfits every spring
why paint the lily
buttercups, daisies and vetch
cover the meadow

Aron Rothstein, USA

autumn light
in the persimmon grove
I kneel
to gather fallen fruit
amidst a choir of bees

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA

a swirl of leaves
flecks the cemetery with gold . . .
every autumn
my father's headstone
brighter

Florin C Ciobica, Romania

from the window
of his mountain hut
an old monk
listens to light rain
and a robin's song

David He, China

a blue whale leaps . . .
the sky vanishes
into nothing
for a split second
where was i

Kala Ramesh, India

hidden they nuzzle
two deer breathing vapor
into the pink dawn—
awake to such miracles
how can I lift my gun?

Curt Pawlisch, USA

a heron flaps up
from the shallows
of the placid pond . . .
a sudden shiver
of the blue sky

John Zheng, USA

sunlight through willows
at the same angle
as bulrushes –
with my paddle I lift duckweed
amazed at the green

Michael Dylan Welch, USA

a blade of grass
has found my arm
dragonfly
so green, and yet
nothing green can stay

Ken Slaughter, USA

four twigs
and half a nest
space enough
for the last songbird
to curl up with the night

Sanjuktaa Asopa, India

as if
we needed a reason . . .
the fragrance of lilac
floats in the open window
while time floats out

Jim Chessing, USA

from left to right
a timeless spinifex plain . . .
then I notice
the clock in our coach
has completely stopped

Margaret Owen Ruckert, Australia

canyon fire
twisting along roads
changing the light
unable to not watch
the blaze or the sunset

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

gnarled fingers
weave patterns in baskets
designed
to carry their stories
paid for in small coins

Gail Brooks, USA

a distant sail
succumbs to wind
dusk
the inroads and inlands
deepening us

Anna Cates, USA

covid lockdown
our new granddaughter
seen through hospital windows
welcome Caitilin
to the world we leave you

Mike Gallagher, Ireland

gurgling voice
of a stony brook
joyfully
I blow raspberries
on her belly

Marilyn Fleming, USA

play-doh
in your hands
all the ways
you mould me,
grandchild

Sanjuktaa Asopa, India

watching Grandma
twirl her long grey hair
into ringlets,
curl them into a bun . . .
how I loved to be with her

Keitha Keyes, Australia

summer clothes
hanging on the old rope . . .
that's how it is
at grandma's house
the sun loves us all

Mircea Moldovan, Romania

a boy floats paper boats
in a choked drain . . .
in the rain puddle
paper hearts sail
an ocean of hope

एक बालक भरी नाली में
कागज़ की नावें तैरा रहा है ...
एक बारिश के पोखर में
कागज़ के दिल
उम्मीदों के समुद्र में

Neera Kashyap, India

as a child
I paste bright crayon pictures
on mother's fridge —
my love of play
still the laughter between us

Anne Louise Curran, New Zealand

from the spice box
taking just a pinch
of chili powder
grandma always knew how to
balance the tears and joy

Minal Sarosh, India

waiting for the bus
back to Greece . . .
snowflakes
and Christmas in Romania
remain in a boy's dream

așteptând
autocarul de Grecia...
fulgi de nea
și Crăciunul în România
rămân în visul unui băiețel

Steliana Cristina Voicu, Romania

dad
taking small steps—
a boy
woken up for the moon
holds his arm

Alan Peat, UK

Beethoven's Ninth
my father listening in tears
taught me
the joy of a symphony
and that men cry too

Amelia Fielden, Australia

mothering . . .
a large black woman
calls me “baby”
just because she does
I leave in tears

Carole Johnston, USA

the smooth stone
face of an angel
eroded by rain and time
memories
of my mother

Simon Wilson, UK

feet buried deep
in the desert sand
fading lights
this place I'll always
know, as my home

Bhawana Rathore, India

always rooted
in the ground
I grew up in . . .
cottonwood seeds
spread in the wind

Jon Hare, USA

hearing his voice
from across the room
my first love
faintly familiar
even before we meet

Kanjini Devi, New Zealand

shy again
like the hummingbird
after seeing a cat
hovering and darting
in your presence

Richard L. Matta, USA

your camera
winked me into permanence
long ago
now you see me in sunlight
through the eyes of love

Carol Raisfeld, USA

the male gannet
offers seaweed to his mate
binoculars in hand
I pass the sweets
as we watch

Simon Wilson, UK

unapologetically
in love with violets
every spring
unabashedly in love
with you

Pamela A. Babusci, USA

you choose
a complex narrative
to hide within
yet moonlight reveals
each part of you

Joanna Ashwell, United Kingdom

deadly . . .
in the shade of the night
our silence
continues to bloom
toxic

Pat Geyer, USA

never too dark to see
at night
even in a cave
glow worms eventually
reveal their spots of light

Owen Bullock, Australia

quietly and slowly
it's snowing today—
without hesitation
so goes love
which we neglect

тихо и споро
пада снег данас—
не оклевајући
тако пролази и љубав
коју запостављамо

Dragan J. Ristić, Serbia

leaving them
he took the family clock
that space
where the clock once stood
empty now and silent

Debbie Scheving, USA

he clicks off
the oldies station
as the young woman nears . . .
a sound of fresh snowfall
on old leaves

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff, USA

a cobweb
gently swaying
in the void
I caress my memories
with no regret

una ragnatela
ondeggiando dolcemente
nel vuoto
accarezzo i miei ricordi
senza rimpianti

Daniela Misso, Italy

the gentling
of rain
side by side
she covers his hand
with hers

Jo Balistreri, USA

we sit and watch
the IV drip into your arm
holding hands . . .
wishing and waiting
for an answer to prayer

Michael Flanagan, USA

through glass
beads of rain slowly slide
her fingers weave
into mine and tighten
with the final boarding call

Gavin Austin, Australia

a fountain
of white magnolias
spilling rain
my tears salt the words
meant for your eulogy

Debbie Strange, Canada

threadbare
the sparrow song
barely reaches me
now you've left
dawn is on hold

Joanna Ashwell, United Kingdom

out of time
the ancient cathedral's
shattered clock —
the way fate strikes
without prior warning

Hazel Hall, Australia

beggars
on a pitch-dark night
covered in snow . . .
silent shadows
pass the church door

prosjaci
u mrkloj noći
zameteni snijegom . . .
tihe sjene
prolaze crkvu

Ivan Gaćina, Croatia

the summer sun
shines over fields of wheat
in Ukraine
this season of war
yields a bitter harvest

Richard Kakol, Australia

all that remains
is light ashen powder
in a plastic bag
yet a seed interred
may someday be a flower

Christa Pandey, USA

last night you appeared
resurrected from your dust
irresistible
only to turn away
disappearing again

Ruth Holzer, USA

the door ajar
to let the silence out
face to face
with a midnight moon
and my invisible wounds

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

butterflies
drink the tears of turtles . . .
as time passes
I no longer taste
the salt of your grief

Richard Kakol, Australia

I sit by the garden
where we would talk
for hours
the lingering
fragrance of lilacs

Joan Chaput, USA

a lonely moon
reflected on the lake
motionless . . .
why should I worry
ahead of time?

una luna solitaria
riflessa sul lago
immobile . . .
perché dovrei preoccuparmi
prima del tempo?

Daniela Misso, Italy

alone
on the high-speed train
facing backward . . .
my best years rush away
in fields of grass

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

embracing each day
I drink in life
ever since
the bony hand of death
scratched on my door

Tom Staudt, Australia

umbrellas closing
through yellow leaves —
a church window
reflects on the sidewalk
an angel's face

umbrele se închid
printre frunze galbene —
un vitraliu reflectă
pe trotuar
chipul unui înger

Steliana Cristina Voicu
Romania

distant bells . . .
that sacred dawn
ethereal
in these insecure times
those soothing memories

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde,
Australia

possible mass—
suddenly each russet leaf
a brighter hue,
the flightpath of each sparrow
a parable of grace

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA (EC)

I drive my car
adjacent to the train
blowing its whistle—
I wish myself
on a journey to somewhere

Anne Louise Curran,
New Zealand

watercolors
all the ways to
transform life
a swirl of paint
channels a new line

Terrie Jacks, USA

do lakes
long for swallows . . .
war-ravaged
 within and without
I wait for your return

Kala Ramesh, India

reading the poem
I become a wave
rolling to shore
somersaulting over rocks
to touch home base

Claire Vogel Camargo, USA

How long will I carry
 these thoughts with me
like so much useless baggage?

One star
 and they all disappear.

Richard Evanoff, Japan

sleepless night
a sparkling star
at the window
I pin my wish
to dream again

Hifsa Ashraf, Pakistan

blanket of smog
the spires of the minster rise
from the clouds
I hear my heart beating
like the striking bells

Pitt Buerken, Germany

Editor's Choices (EC) - Tanka

possible mass —
suddenly each russet leaf
a brighter hue,
the flightpath of each sparrow
a parable of grace

Jenny Ward Angyal, USA

This is a moment of reverence, a moment of interweaving the natural world with the *divine*. Whereas, *mass* is not considered an ongoing event, the natural world continually shares possibilities.

Possible mass, could refer to *the divine* witnessed in that instant by the observer. We're not sure of the season, it seems likely to be autumn. Perhaps a shaft of light has lit *each russet leaf* and through this light, the *flightpath of a sparrow*. There's a sense of awakening, of being more than mortal. A gift bestowed. A blessing.

The sibilance in the first two lines alerts us. It's almost, psst...Listen up. This is momentous! The last line, *a parable of grace*, exquisitely reminds us of the gift nature bestows. Such simplicity is sublime. A moment like this brings us back into the here and now. Nature can lift us out of mind's *automatic pilot* and bring us into the present.

This tanka reminds us of nature's abundance, of the offerings present every day, only if we're open to receive them. Thank you Jenny.



a galaxy
of fireflies
on the grassy trail
I let go of thoughts
that don't matter anymore

Hifsa Ashraf, Pakistan

From the vastness of beyond, *a galaxy of fireflies* appears, summoning our presence into the here and now. The wonder. The childlike delight. The gift, on *the grassy trail*. Suddenly, there's no division between *heaven and earth*, only this glowing radiance. In this instant, we step out of our minds and are one with the moment. The sound of l's and long vowels, in the first two lines, allows the moment to linger.

And now, bringing a lightness from the depth of the experience, *I let go of thoughts*. For now, nothing else exists. The last line brings us back to face, *thoughts that don't matter anymore*. An awareness that one is free for a moment from life's ongoing challenges. And with this the understanding that a new way of living is possible. The quest then, is to choose to be in the moment as it was on *the grassy trail*.

Hifsa so beautifully captures one of life's key learnings. Thank you for sharing this tanka with us.

Jenny Fraser

Haiga — Part 3

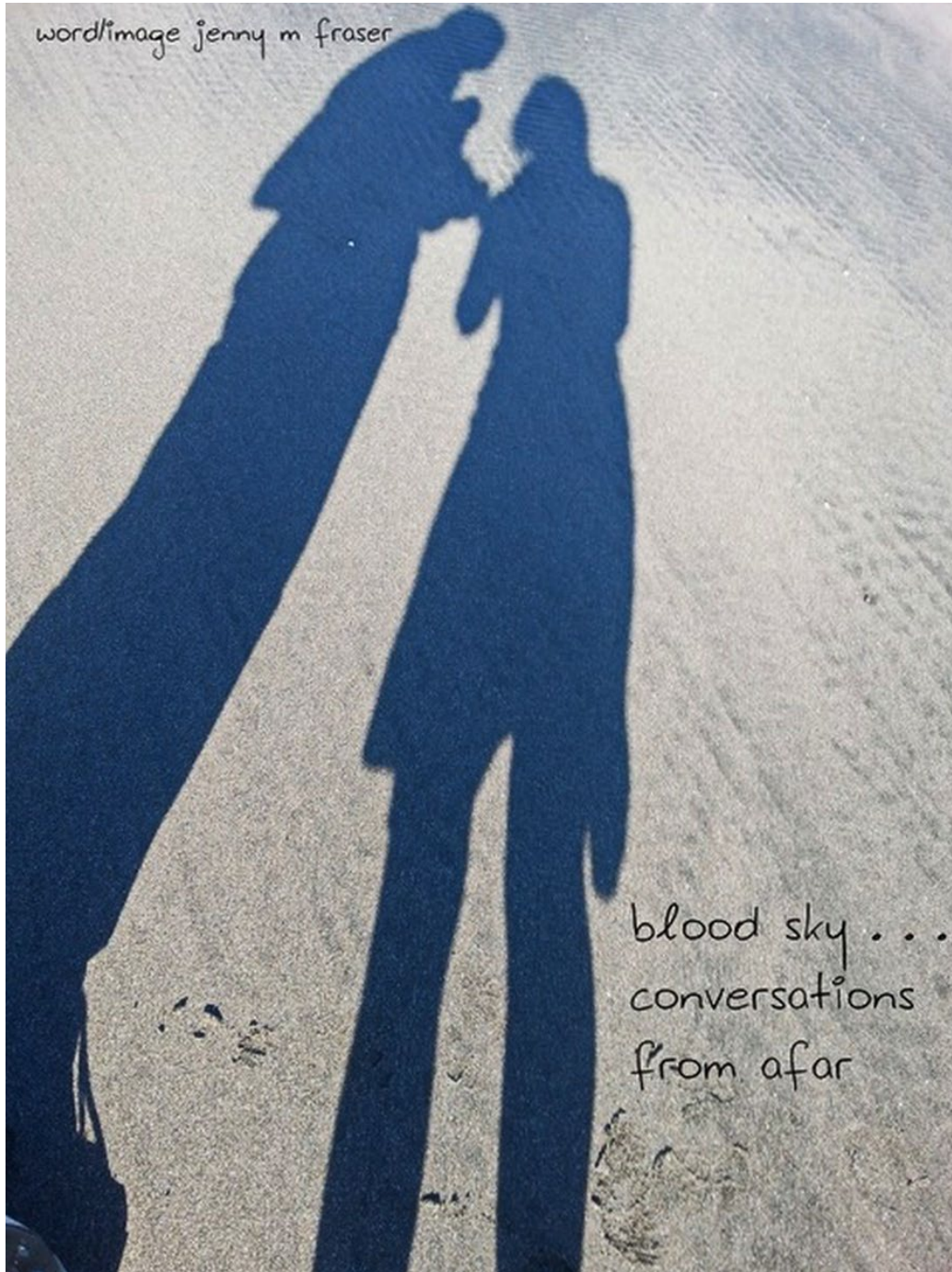
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, haiku & Dorothy M. Messerschmitt, art — USA



Jasna Popovic Poje — Croatia



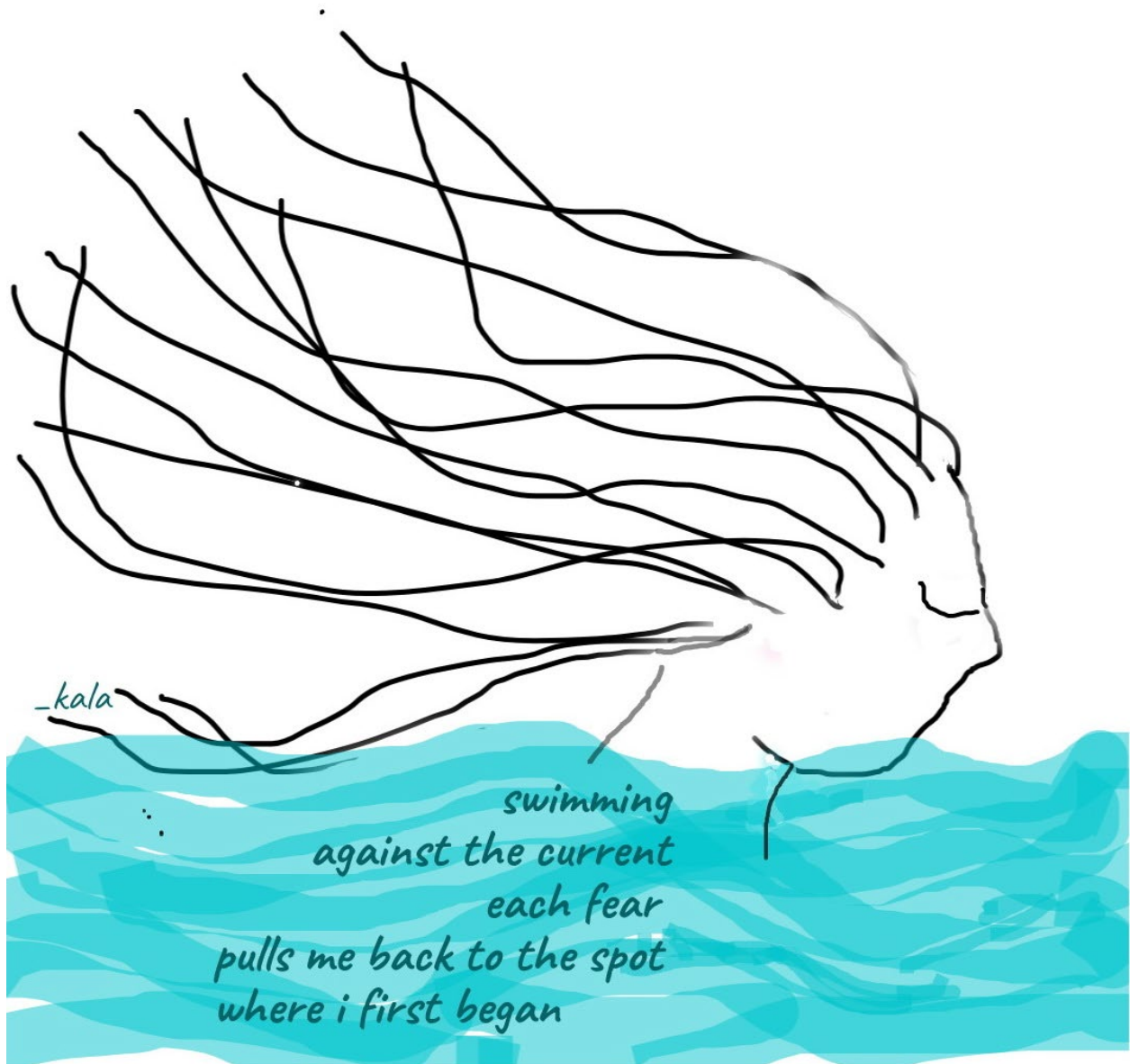
Jenny Fraser — New Zealand



Julie Schwerin — USA



Kala Ramesh — India



artwork and tanka by Kala Ramesh

Haibun



Flying Rhinoceros hornbills — Santubong National Park, Sarawak, Borneo. Resident and Near-threatened

The ways of heaven

Carmela Marino, Italy (EC)

I water the flowers and the dripping seems to mark the hours. The face at the window, the growing notes of a piano in the headphones make the world go round so fast until it leaves me still and alone.

Why can't I pray for myself?
I've never thought about life like now

starless sky
I share my pain
with a flower

Faster than thoughts the changing of the clouds, except one right in my head. I close my mind to listen to the beats, which run like a wild horse along paths never trampled on.

I have never touched fear like now

why me?
a dandelion seed gets me
closer to nothing

A warm wind barely touches me until I empty myself and make it perceive the soul of the things that surround me. How thin is the line of the horizon that divides the earth from the sky?

I have never listened to the soul as I do now.

rain clouds
the wind pointing me
to spring

My son's laughter brings me back to the ground, he who turns and turns the room
happy, who lives the moment because he does not think about the future.

I look at him and suddenly feel alive.
I have never cradled my inner baby like now

open arms
teaching me to fly
my baby

Milk

Kala Ramesh, India

The young mother looks concerned as her baby fumbles and searches with an open mouth for the nipple.

calf taken away —

In twenty minutes, her baby once again begins to stir and open her mouth.

the cow gives

Whispering words of love, she takes her baby to her warm pulsating breast, which is already leaking.

a long-drawn-out moo

Perennials

Jill Muhrer, USA

They're gone! And I can appreciate my children as individuals. The distance brings us closer.

Sarah: backroads bicycling

empty fruit stands
nascent lupines
under fields of frost

Eli: the sound byte and coffee. Then more coffee.

dark espresso
spilling
his secrets

Lydia: the dancer — always reticent. And what was that music?

autumn wedding
foreign music
becomes familiar

fall departure -
multicolored perennials
fill mother's garden

Water Song

Gavin Austin, Australia

“Not too hot, Mum?” I ask.

My mother's skin is pale; wrinkled like an old sheet from the laundry basket. Her white flesh marbled with blue veins, wilting breasts rest on her belly. The water rushes over her, pooling at the base of her spine where shapeless buttocks meet the plastic stool.

“We’re going out,” I say.

She stares at me with clouded blue eyes. Suddenly I've become a stranger in the room. Folding her hands on her lap, she leans forward, hiding them as if to keep them safe.

quiet river
the willow's roots
deep below the flow

My Father's Daughter

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

I keep a dawn watch. Milkman's hour in the days when there were milkmen. Not by choice am I up. Perhaps insomnia is in my genes. My father was a champion insomniac. Hot milk and solitaire. And yesterday's newspaper read again. First page to the last, the last to the first. In later years, read with a magnifying glass.

turning back time
the family album
back to front

The Hourglass

Mark Meyer, USA

At this age at this stage in this place we've somehow become adapted to existence in a hyperbolic spacetime of shape-shifting recollections and ambiguous contradictions. Dimensions expand or contract randomly between now and then, here and there. The arrow of time might stay firmly in its place or just run plumb backwards. Multiple realities paradoxically co-exist here, often interfering with one-another's gravitational memory fields.

room 1206
her vast collection
of time crystals

winding his way
through endless corridors —
no direction home*

They come from everyplace and everywhere, but the universal language spoken here is Proustian, with a Texas twang. Anachronistic non-sequiturs, fuzzy epigrams, and stale jokes comprise the major particles of speech in this metacosm I find myself in. Their eyes disclose a very different narrative — love and loneliness, grandchildren and hospital beds, lost friends and family feuds, sad waltzes and December's aches, perpetual gray.

remembering back
to his World War 2 days —
the present forgotten

dinner menu —
the house special
baked nostalgia

*"Like a Rolling Stone" / Bob Dylan

The Gambler

Ivan Gaćina, Croatia

My name is Trouble, and I am a gambler by profession. I am not a classic gambler as I don't gamble with money. Since I am keen on risky situations, adrenaline, and adventures, I play with my life almost every day.

Although I want to live a quiet life, I sometimes attract a lot of trouble and problems in order to not be bored. In so doing, I risk losing my head, but I fight windmills anyway, and I am ready for new challenges.

Life is like a chess match in which a single decision can change the course of the game, opening a way to the win or defeat, nothing or everything. I relish the suspense and will always accept to fight with an unknown rival. If it happens that I lose a game, I will not give up fighting as, thanks to my experience, I am capable of starting even greater and more dangerous battles.

Eventually, there'll be only one winner. The die is cast.

chess match . . .

I choose a bottle of whiskey
for my rival

Letting Go

John Budan, USA

As his muscles atrophy, the motorcycle is the first to go, an appendage of his being, a symbol of his independence. The piano lid is closed for the last time, his lifelong love of music mere fragments of Scott Joplin and Jelly Roll Morton inside a clouded head. Precious boxes of books and belongings fill his garage, candidates for thrift shops. The final indignity is the feeding tube joining the array of breathing apparatus needed to sustain life. He has only to let go of one final thing.

daughters visit
the dollhouse
never built

Etcetera

Hazel Hall, Australia

The papers have slipped off his table quickly; fingers not nimble enough for retrieval. His arm is still slung over the arm of his chair, hand grasping the long-reach-pick-up-gadget, tense from effort. Each time he tries to turn a page it falls on the floor and he's too far from his bed to press the button. Already accustomed to the discourtesy of diapers and capsules administered by ever-changing strangers, he knows this last book must be finished before he can feel at ease.

Oh dear, let me fix this mess. A woman peeps round the door. His face attempts to arrange a greeting. She stacks his life neatly, making sure all edges are even. Now he is tapping again like that peewee that once kept coming to their window. Without warning, his finger lifts. A sound emits from laboured lips. *Is that the word you want? Shall I do it for you?* Crinkles appear beneath both eyes. So, she taps for him, aware that all this: papers, gadget and tapping will be repeated day after day until he finds peace.

sleepless
another year
ticks over

Stranger

Anna Cates, USA

Each day he eyes her, walking her little poodle. They pass the park, a pair.

Each night he paces, scheming, contemplating sex toys and edible underwear.

He invests in new cologne and drowns himself in the pine/clove musky scent.

He dons a purple velvet fitness suit to forecast each caress, and thus, fakes his first jog — an Adam with all his fruit — yet stumbles over the curb, a puddle of grunts who just can't help himself or realize that if he only loved her like her little dog loves her, perhaps he'd get somewhere.

a monster
growling behind the fence —
yellow lilies

Elision

Kevin Browne, USA

There is a beautiful black sand beach on the south-central coast of Java, popular with local tourists. The ocean here is too dangerous for swimming because of the strong undertow. This area of the southern coast has many limestone caves in the karst hills, some turned into lucrative tourist sites for foreign spelunkers. Like the other visitors, we enjoy walking the beach and can see some small caves near the eastern end, though our enjoyment is tinged with sadness. Some of the caves in this region carry a collective and still largely unspoken burden, being the sites where uncounted bodies of murdered Javanese were dumped during the 1965 post-coup attempt killings. Neither the tourists nor the local officials are interested in unearthing those dark days, and the number of people who lived through them, and their memories, are dwindling.

waves crash
through the long night
kites take the breeze

New Year in Piran

Dimitrij Škrk, Slovenia

Trans: Đ.V. Rozić, Croatia

Alone, after the New Year's holiday party, I go down to the city; passing old houses, weaving through narrow streets and stone squares. In the cold gloomy morning, only the cooing of pigeons and the cries of seagulls. From time to time, a dark figure walks by and wishes me a happy new year.

From the east the bora brings the dawn and a new day.

trapped souls –
the bora tightens the ropes
of moored boats

Bora: the wind which blows from the Karst in the north part of Adriatic Sea

Morning

Elizabeth Shack, USA

The foggy quiet before the world awakens. Cat motionless except for the rise and fall of his breath. The coffee maker's gurgles have stilled. Later it will rain. I will have to meet with people, run errands.

embracing
these moments
before the robin's scream

As If Nothing Mattered

Chen-ou Liu, Canada

tank tracks
shrouded in winter mist
the burnt woods

trees blackened
by a cloud of ravens
blood-stained doll

On a Zoom meeting with his Ukrainian cousin, the Russian blogger pauses for a moment, then responds in a lower voice as if murmuring to himself, "Nobody sees on TV that people are dying. Everyone around me thinks that maybe everything is ok, and we're told it's a special military operation."

His cousin looks tired and has weeks-old stubble. He says with a sigh, "I was issued an automatic rifle yesterday, and my neighbour and I made thirty Molotov cocktails." His words are met with an uncomfortable silence.

basement shelter
empty bottles, tuna cans
and camouflage nets

thunder of gunfire
another spring arrives
with falling snow

Make Believe

Pris Campbell, USA

Childhood tales of Humpty's demise taught me to take care to set tumblers far from a table's edge, avoid windows with my ball and bat, not to fight with my glasses on, but the towers fell in Manhattan, Notre Dame crumbled and they're massacred in The Ukraine. I remind myself that bedtime stories told in the warm comfort of the bed lie when they say a Prince will rescue you from cinders, or that wolves can be driven away so easily.

slit in the horizon

I don't need to see darkness

to believe it's there

Soft

Sean O'Connor, Ireland (EC)

By the banks of the Miljacka, as we run for cover, I hear, among the cracking shots, a shattering of bone nearby and, in the corner of my eye, see the folding of a woman's body to the ground; without a sound.

By the banks of the Miljacka, we converge, seeking safety in the shade of a concrete wall; too small for comfort, but high enough for hope.

Together we crouch and cower.

By the banks of the Miljacka, she lies there silent, yards from where we squat, in a haze of screams and shouts, and the squeals and skids of tyres, in shrieks and cries and sounds, all punctuated, beside the banks of the Miljacka, by that perfunctory force . . . of sniper rounds.

midday heat . . .
with death in all directions
soft the sound of water

Sleep

Sean O'Connor, Ireland (EC)

By the banks of the Miljacka, she stepped out of a blinding sun. Her hair black as the skirt she wore, her blouse all pristine white. By her side, dangling empty, a loose shopping bag. I admired her confident gait, her purposeful stride, her certainty.

roadside daffodils—
crack of sniper bullets
angering the air

Moments later she was dead. I had seen her fall as we rushed for cover. I slouched and stared at her body lying in the open, her brown eyes looking at me, unseeing. I wanted to crawl over and lie with her, wanted to hold her in her sleep. I longed for her to wake up and tell me of her dreams. I wanted to whisper her name.

That brief time, when she lay near me, feels like a year; and the decades since like minutes. Tearlessly I mourn her, that unknown lady, whose loss I can only comprehend, as a kind of love.

Listen to the whisper:

Wake up.

Wake up.

Breathing in

Cyndi Lloyd, USA

A little Ukrainian girl, on TV, wearing a light blue knit hat and a dark blue coat, sits on the floor. Legs folded into her body. Arms wrapping herself. Teardrops catch the light. I can't look away from her not-knowing-what-will-happen eyes. A feeling I know well. I lean into the sound of her tears. Shrapnel from the past has a way of digging in and twisting. I reach for a hand that isn't there.

nautilus shell
tonglen
from my heart

Meditation Time

Deborah Burke Henderson, USA

A spiral shape keeps presenting itself. I sense it suggests the inner journey of discovery, the quiet pathway that will lead to the higher self, offering guidance, grace, and contentment. For a moment, my body is transformed into a harp. Deft, confident fingers pluck the spider-like silken strings, and the notes flowing outward harmonize in a soothing manner. I am guided to a shallow reflection pool and invite those who work with me in spirit to gather. Unexpectedly, a hooded figure comes forward, and as it does, the individual's form changes color from indigo to cobalt blue, then sap green, goldfinch yellow, heady orange, and finally a reddish hue. I am asked to select a color. Pink chooses me. Bathing in the pastel opulence, I breathe in compassion deeply, again and again, and then gently let go. Silvery streams of love and kindness gently penetrate all corners of the world. A peacefulness sprouts within like a hydrangea bloom in July, full and fresh. I set my intention for the day and pray the reverence I feel is gifted to everyone and everything I meet.

whistling wind
captured in sunbeams . . .
the tree frogs sing

Returning home

Mircea Moldovan, Romania

The dragonfly marks my outline while I wait for the fishing line to stretch once. No way. Maybe it's the moon that bathes naked in the lake or a blackbird that hasn't been silent for about three hours. I light a cigarette, open a can of beer and hit myself. That's it! I'm going to stop fishing and start raising silkworms. At least that's what, my wife would want.

thoughts . . .
lighting my shore
moonlight

Home sickness

Dr Brijesh Raj, India

It's a sentient, breathing thing, burrowing and curling in the pit of the stomach. Like a raven chained to a dead tree, scrabbling to break free of hope and faith. Even the lianas embracing the toddy palms seem happier.

on the mat
this body still warm
and waiting

I wait for the words to ascend from deep within. Spill over onto paper, like the restless monsoon waves building up to high tide. Whiskey helps... for the moment. The phone calls don't. What is it about the neon and petrichor of my city?

dry leaf
found, lost and found
by monsoon winds

Barking at the coming rain

Alan Peat UK & Réka Nyitrai, Romania (EC)

They say that deep in the forest there is a bird-woman who speaks a language understood only by trodden forefingers. It is a blue language, devoid of happiness. In her beak there is a fountain that must be nourished with coins, and golden eggs. If you happen to drink from its waters, in a blink, you will turn into a tree frog.

glittering silence
a young girl slips
from her swan's skin

Ekphrastic haibun based on Nives Kavurić-Kurtović's 'Srce zgaženog kažiprsta' – 'The Heart of the Trodden Forefinger' (1967)

Standing by Mirror Pond

Matthew Caretti, American Samoa

ode

to

a

leaf

fallen on

water

How to echo the inborn praise of that which is?

water

on a fallen

leaf

into

an

ode

Reflections

Bryan D. Cook, Canada

The bathroom renovation of thirty years ago has many mirrors over the vanity and two medicine cabinets. It makes the room look bigger and reflects my collection of fish mobiles, part of an ocean theme to remind of the salt-sea breeze a thousand miles away.

Now, those mirrors confront me daily with old age: front, back and sideways. A shock of red hair now grey and wispy. A chin dangling a wattle worthy of a turkey. Drooping jowls no longer hidden by a half-hearted beard. Thinning lips and yellowing teeth. Nose hairs not just inside but on top. A once freckled, ruddy skin, sagging sallow. Blue eyes dimmed and recessing into their bags. My wife tells me not to shave as I look increasingly like my mum, and she did not marry her! Thank goodness the mirrors are shoulder height so that I'm not constantly reminded of my expanding girth.

driftwood
not needing leaves
to be beautiful

Alias

Bryan Rickert, USA

There is a tradition of using the same family names repeatedly on the little island where my wife is from. For this reason, I should have known the practice of people going by nicknames and middle names would be widespread. Yet, after knowing them for a decade, it is a surprise to find out that Aunt Simone is actually named Marie and her husband Albert's name is really Henri. The grandmother we name our daughter after isn't really Léontine but actually Anastasie, Bebet's true name is Jean Baptiste, Uncle Joe is really Irénée, and Aunt Madeleine somehow has four names. As for Zombie, I had always hoped that was just a nickname.

fooling me
for all these years
mock apple pie

The Sitting Men

Ray Rasmussen, Canada

A warm, sunny day bicycling the maple-lined country roads of Ontario's Halton Hills. Up ahead, a man is sitting by the roadside and I consider pausing to chat. His beard is greyer and longer than mine and his head is down, maybe sleeping? So, I mumble a "Hi, how're you doing?" and cycle past without waiting to hear his response.

But I've not left him behind . . . he's my muse for the day. And I imagine this conversation:

"Nice place to enjoy the day."

"Yup," he replies.

"I live two roads over. You must be one of the traditional farm families around here."

"Four generations. An' you mus' be a city transplant."

"Yes . . . how'd you know?"

"Were you from 'round here, you'd be on a tractor, not a fancy bicycle."

"You've tagged me, I moved here from Toronto 8 years ago. You still riding the tractors?"

"Nup. Gotta son does that fer me."

"Your chair looks a bit rickety. Must be hard to sit on for very long."

"Not sure I see the difference . . . you sittin' there on somethin' looks like the anvil in my barn."

"Yeah, It's a little hard on the back end. So are you out here waiting for a ride?"

“Jus, enjoyin’ the day, an’ wondering ‘bout things, like how can you enjoy yourself on that thing?”

“It gives me a sense of freedom, of speed.”

“An’ you jus’ ride right by everthin’, don’t hear the birds, watch the day change?”

“Well, I like to see different places, see a variety of places.”

“Plenty of variety right here, if’n you wait fer it.”

“But don’t you feel the urge to drive around sometimes and enjoy other places?”

“Used to do that a bit. You ever slowed down ‘nough to watch how each hour changes the look of land, stop to smell the milkweed in bloom, have a butterfly land on your arm? Can’t do that when you zip right past, can they?”

“No, I don’t do that sort of thing much at all. I’m just getting my exercise in.”

“Well, I’ve gotten all the exercise needed fer this lifetime. You might give sittin’ a try.”

“I will, maybe when I’m home having lunch I’ll go out on the porch.”

“Don’t maybe . . . do’er while she’s on your mind. Otherwise, you’ll get caught up in all that commotion again.”

“Well, nice chatting with you. Maybe we’ll meet again.”

“Don’ think so, not much time left fer me, but my chair’ll be waiting here fer you.”

gazing at a
fenced-in horse
gazing at me

The Captive Child

Glenn G. Coats, USA

“Human solitude is a slender single wing,
The only thing born whole, undamaged, lovely,
For all that flaring like a feathered wound.” —Gibbons Ruark

Winter. The boy pulls a long sock over each arm, places his fingers in the toe part, tucks some sock in the indentation between thumb and fingers then opens and closes his hands so they can talk. One sock has two eyes with lashes; a pink nose. The other has blue eyes, whiskers, and pointy ears.

The child pulls back the blinds and slips in front of the window. Across the street, a couple spreads blankets of lights on their holly bushes, and a repair truck parks a few houses down. The kids next-door ride their bikes in circles around the yard. He taps on the glass to get their attention, ducks beneath the sill and raises the socks up in front of the window.

The puppets face each other and have a conversation. The boy uses a different voice for each character. One of the kids scratches on the glass. “We can’t hear you,” she says. When the child rises up — the children are gone.

a neighbor longs to bottle snow melt

Spring. The boy squeezes between the blinds and glass. He opens the window as wide as he can, pokes his nose at the screen then inhales the morning air. Hears a chorus of tree frogs. Bikers and joggers pass by his house. Cars are on their way to work. The boy calls out to children — reminds them to look both ways. Tells a couple that they have a pretty dog. One passer-by pauses, startled by his high-pitched voice, while others just go on about their business.

steady rain
the stillness of a pool
beneath the bridge

Summer. Screen is torn and it sticks out like a tongue. Blinds hang cockeyed in the opening. The child sits on the window sill with his legs dangling out. Lawns are saggy after days of rain and tall stems bend close to the ground.

The boy closes his eyes, covers his face, counts to ten, then calls out, "Ready!" He jumps down from the window and hurries to look behind the azaleas. He checks under the picnic table, runs around to the backyard and tags a garbage can lid. "You're it!" he shouts.

Sunshine breaks through clouds as the child shimmies up the maple tree; perches on a branch. He sits still and waits for something to happen.

the slow sink
of a garage door
day's end

Autumn. Bags of trash lie torn against the house. Paper plates and Styrofoam cups poke from piles of leaves. The birdbath is empty.

The screen is gone. The boy slips from his window into the yard. Picks up a leaf and holds it up to the light. The veins are green while the rest is orange and red. He tries to find ones that are the same color and size. Lays one on top of another to see if they line up.

The child takes a stub of chalk from his pocket, crouches down and begins to draw leaf shapes on the asphalt. Tries to get the outside edges first then concentrates on veins and stems. No one stops to ask what he is doing. No one calls him back inside.

crackle of branches
a train whistle fills
that empty place

A Door Ajar

Jenny Fraser, New Zealand

Red hair falls with her breath as she spoons froth from a cup while fingers flutter to describe a point. A shake of her head. The way she leans into light to listen . . . A flutter of wings, I lift my head and she's gone.

cafe company
the hum
of roadside tyres

Openings

Joanna Ashwell, United Kingdom

Keys fascinate me. I begin a collection in a trinket box. Keys of all sizes, textures and colour. If a lock is changed, I request the key. My grandparents find a key that they no longer know where it is for, I am given it. I imagine so many doors, boxes, openings, hidden treasures that it may unlock. I turn it round my fingers. Keys, keys, keys, and more keys. Then one day I am entranced by ash keys – what kind of magic is this? I imagine doors to hidden worlds as I jump in the air to catch a falling key.

spiralling higher
lark song and sunbeams
touch the unknown

Once . . .

John Zheng, USA

After playing the tic-tac-toe handclap on the porch, the two children scratch snow writing on the wooden railing. The boy fingers a capital *J*; the girl tilts her head and asks what does the letter stand for. He adds *une* with a cross-eyed smile. The girl giggles, wanting to learn to cross her eyes when the boy's mother, hollers across the street, "Lunchtime!" As the boy is about to leave, the girl puckers her lips. So, he shows her how to do it: Fix your eyes on the nose tip and stick out your tongue. A cross-eyed clown! The girl giggles again when the boy gives a quick peck on her cheek and trots away like a pony. She looks cross-eyed.

hometown stroll
our shadows lingering
in the sunset

Firecrackers

Francis W. Alexander, USA

Hearing the news of another mass shooting over the July Fourth weekend brings me back to that August 1969 day. Aunt Betty and I each carried two suitcases down Frankstown Avenue in Pittsburgh's Hill district. I had just graduated from high school and had been accepted by Robert Morris Junior College there. My friend Jack warned me not to go and get myself killed trying to be a hero. He wasn't too far off about being killed. But it wouldn't have been because I was trying to be John Wayne.

After my aunt and I got off the Frankstown bus, I heard that familiar holiday celebration sound.

"Wow! Somebody's still shooting firecrackers," I said.

Aunt Betty, the cigarette ash longer than her cigarette, chuckled, "Those are not firecrackers. Somebody just got shot."

As we approached the curve, a car moved in reverse towards us and stopped. It looked like they were waiting for us to cross the street. We stopped walking. The car turned in front of us and sped backwards down the inclined dirt road.

A couple of weeks later, Aunt Betty moved her daughter and me to the Homewood section.

traffic jam
watching the family of geese
cross the street

Superstitions

Richard L. Matta, USA

Bad luck bolted across the street black tail gone in the snap of a whip. He swerves, changes course: thud, right turn, left, left again, and right, returning him to the other side of the avoided path but the car beside him proceeded on, crashed into a car that ran a red light — making me ask myself about picking up pennies, knocking on wood, the dent on his car.

random gust
a lily petal spins
on a tombstone

Murmuration

Susan Beth Furst, USA

The bird's houses dangle from wrought iron hangers attached to the back porch rail. They dip and turn in the October breeze bending low and springing back. Seeds scatter the sun setting pink on the floor. And I read in the dark and wait.

Jellicle moon

Morning comes bringing clouds and first snow. The sky is promising grey. So, I light a fire and put on the kettle. I toast the bread I made yesterday. The marmalade cat is in a jar by the door. And I sit at the table and wait.

through my window

April delivers sleet and pale sun. The bird's houses still empty, waiting. The tip of a crocus pushes purple through the box. The cat is on the hill still pretending. And yet I hear that terpsichorean call. So, I open my window and . . .

the sky falling starlings

Forest magic

Ryland Shengzhi Li, USA

The feet of the trees at Crow's Nest stand more than a man's height above the path. It's like walking in a little canyon, which have walls woven with tree roots and dotted with pockets of darkness. If fairies were real, perhaps they live in these small holes. Perhaps at some moonlit hour hidden from human eyes, they come out, skipping along the road-like stems of partridgeberry. And surrounding the red chanterelles that are now everywhere after last night's rain, they dance and make magic.

out of the split trunk
a dozen new beeches

Karlu Karlu

Marilyn Humbert, Australia

Jumbled stacks of round red boulders surrounded by green spinifex, the native grass add to the dot-painting landscape midst white ghost gum trunks, rustling leaves against the glaring blue sky.

after rain . . .
green embroiders
the interior

We watch the sun drop below the horizon at Karlu Karlu; a band of gold light oozes up the western horizon turns peach to a blushing pink, intensifying to blood red tinged with purple and slowly fades. The moon gleams, a bright smile-slice in a sea of stars prickling the black canopy.

this alchemy
far from city lights
dingoes sing

Light on Waves

Diana Webb, England

What colour was the sky the day Vaughan Williams walked above the sea the day the first world war broke out? What colour was the ink with which he jotted down the undulating notes inspired by 'the silver chain of sound of many links without a break'?

severed string
from those remaining
a charm for the skylark

Auld Lang Syne

Subir Ningthouja, India

A star explodes far, far away. Light, the traveller, sets out on the fabric path woven by space, time and gravity. She carries a backpack full of tales of the events.

The James Webb Telescope waits to host her.

violin strain . . .
her face wavers
in the moonshine

My friend's birthday

Silva Trstenjak, Croatia

Trans. Djurdja V Rozic, Croatia

Twilight. Dark clouds move closer to the town. Above me is still a clear sky, the Great Bear constellation is surrounded by a number of stars.

From the distance an echo of thunder. It seems as if I'm separated in space and time!

How old will my friend feel today?

shooting star —
a reddish lightning
ignites the sky

Foreshadow

Dan Hardison, USA

There is a place of quiet and beauty by a river where it meets the sea. At this place a town was born and in this town a church was built. Times changed, the outlook dimmed, and all was left abandoned. Ruins of a church are all that remain where faith, hope and dreams once were found.

daylight dims
where sun should prevail . . .
curtain of rain

Senza titolo / Untitled

Maria Luisa Bartolotta, Italy

Nel borgo abbandonato il tempo sembra essersi fermato, le antiche strade di pietra profumano di muschio e di ricordi. Queste strette vie, un tempo, percorse dai muli, non permettono il passaggio delle macchine e tutto intorno non s'ode rumore, ma solo il fiume scorrere ancora.

Tra le mure di una casa in rovina, una lucertola cerca riparo e dalla finestra rotta si intravede il camino con le pareti annerite.

pieno luglio —
il crepitio del fuoco
nella mia mente

Time has stopped in the abandoned village, the ancient stone streets smell of moss and memories. These narrow lanes, once crossed by mules, do not allow cars and all around there is no noise, but only the river is still flowing.

Within the walls of a ruined house, a lizard seeks shelter and from the broken window you can see the old fireplace with the blackened walls.

mid July —
the crackle of the fire
in my mind

A Guide to Kamakura

Richard Tice, USA

From 1185 to 1333, Kamakura was the military, economic, and administrative capital of Japan. Though Kyōtō still housed the emperor, he served only as a figurehead; the actual leaders were the military generals, the *shōgun*. Kamakura's history is filled with interfamily assassinations and bloody wars between clans, starting with the rule of the Minamoto clan and passing to the Hōjō clan. Despite the murders and blood, the region ended up vying with Kyōtō as the religious and cultural center of the country. The valley and mountains around the city are filled with temples and shrines.

gravel garden
a monk walks in circles
to make waves

The center of the city is the shrine Tsurugaoka Hachimangū, home shrine of the Minamoto. It is reached by a large two-mile promenade stretching from the sea to the shrine and passing under three *torii* (gates), named not surprisingly the First Gate, the Second Gate, and the Third Gate. The walkway is flanked by hundreds of cherry trees, but the real goal, until recently, was a gigantic ginkgo at the entrance to the shrine. That tree, unfortunately, died in the winter of 2010. Part of the trunk remains, but there are other ginkgos around the plaza before the entrance.

drying nuts —
the smell keeps
the area clear

Southwest of Hachimangū lies the Kōtoku Shrine, featuring an enormous, seated bronze buddha, the second largest in the country. It is hollow and has a small door at the foot of its back, with stairs inside. Tourists are allowed within, and school buses stop there to let the excited children climb the stairway.

embracing all
who enter, Amida
fills with laughter

North-northwest of Hachimangū, close to KitaKamakura station, sprawls the 10,000-square-meter grounds of the Zen temple, Tokeiji, dating back to the mid-thirteenth century. Of special interest to many visiting the temple is a cemetery where the famous Buddhist teacher and scholar Daisetsu Suzuki lies buried. Most Japanese, however, do not notice the grave next to his — that of R. H. Blyth. Both graves have a five-tier stone marker representing the Buddhist world view of five elements: cube (earth), sphere (water), pyramid (fire), half-moon (wind), round jewel (space, or sky). Kamakura purportedly has the most excellent examples of this ancient style of headstone.

ancient stone marker
shows the deceased moving
from earth to sky

Treasure and souvenir stores full of memorabilia are everywhere, not just along the central walkway, and the temples and shrines in and close to the city have shops, selling items like votive offerings, small prayer slips to hang from trees, incense, and miniatures: Buddhas, bells, temples, and, of all things, cats. A stroll in any direction will soon bring you to something worth seeing.

karuta game —
haiga cards to visit
past centuries

Seasonal Menu

Lakshmi Iyer, India

Broken twigs: 5

Dry leaves: a handful

Powdered sawdust: a spoonful

Gum: 1 stick

Brown color pencil: 1

Dark orange marker: 1

unframed canvas

a crackle bursts

through the woods

Santa Fe Hike

Gerald Friedman, USA

Butterflies fill this ski run. Black shadows intersperse fir and spruce needles, and white sun makes their green harsh. A raven circles with grating croaks. Uphill—I work for every breath. Steller’s Jays land among the grass and yarrow. Columbines croon blue in front of massive shaded rocks. I photograph them. Is the sky really a deeper color here? A pale spider-crack flashes in my eyes with each pulse. Farther up, stopping a lot. Canada Jays swoop in to case me.

On the ridgetop, thinner air, but the bare trail speeds me past ankle-high flowers. To the east, mountains on a parallel track. To the west, a deep plain and a distant high volcanic cluster — what’s the word I want? with every step, what’s the word, what’s the word? Air like wine, they say. It smells of nothing, but it does starve your brain of oxygen. I’m still going like an addict, a hike-o, a hikoholic on a million-step program.

Close. From each rise I see a higher rise. The wind blows swifter.

the wide peak
in silence
a pipit walks and pecks

Cat Harbor

Carol Raisfeld, USA

A cruise to Catalina Harbor after an eight-week sailing course, with anchoring being the final class.

Thirteen boats left the marina on a sunny day; twelve made it to Cat Harbor, one somehow made it to Cherry Cove on the opposite side of the island. Two managed to anchor in the sea-plane lane much to the surprise of the pilots. Not to be outdone, we struggled to recover our own 36' Choy Lee's anchor from a bed of kelp. The joys of anchoring!

Friday night, boats rafted together, it was party time! Somehow all those brave souls recovered enough to attend a cocktail party the very next night aboard the mother boat. All of Catalina heard thirty-one beer voices singing champagne songs. Thankfully, our man overboard skills were not needed.

morning coffee
half a cinnamon twist
instead of yoga

Sky High

Tom Staudt, Australia

Runway zero three left, winds south-south west. I hear the engines roar, she speeds past me, it is so loud, I have to cover my ears. The wet concrete quakes, the rain disperses into a veil of water vapour, when she takes off and slowly climbs skywards . . .

soaring with clouds
freedom without borders
winged creatures

Garden escape

Marietta McGregor, Australia

My friend Rachel's husband is posted to Greece. She's delighted to be going with him for the first time, and polishes up her Greek in night classes. Because I used to be a botanist, she asks me to care for their pot plants. She hopes that means they'll survive. Her husband drops them off. Two big glazed dragon containers with pink sasanqua camellias, two plastic tubs of golden bamboo and some small terracotta pots take up residence around my back yard.

Later I learn Rachel and her husband are no longer a couple. Soon after they got to Greece, her husband admitted to an affair with a woman from Athens he met on an earlier posting. Apparently, he'd romanced her long-distance, his secret Hellenic love. When husband and wife were on her home soil, his mistress demanded he come clean about their relationship.

Back home, they arrange to collect their plants on different days. Each wants a dragon pot. He takes pot, sasanqua and all. Rachel wants only the empty pot because she's moving interstate. I plant that sasanqua against a fence. Nobody bothers with one golden bamboo, forgotten in a garden corner. Left to its own devices the bamboo throws out exploratory rhizomes for a few years and finally splits its plastic confines, ramping happily under the fence into a neighbour's garden.

paper anniversary she throws away the flowers

Thinking out of the Box

Pitt Buerken, Germany

The crossword puzzle asks me for a "bell-shaped drinking vessel."

"Such a thing doesn't exist," I say to my wife. "All flows out of it, or rather, you can't pour anything into it."

"You just have to turn it upside down," she replies, looking at me uncomprehendingly.

"But then it's no longer bell-shaped. Maybe like a flower vase or a mortar. And where would you put the clapper?"

bees excited
the bellflowers
full of nectar

Editor's Choices (EC) - Haibun

Haibun seems to appeal to an increasing number of poets. There are stalwarts like Glenn Coats and Ray Rasmussen, whose skilful use of its nuances and extending its possibilities never seem to falter. Then, there are poets who are trying this form for the first time, and there are still others who are emerging with their own distinctive style. It has been a great pleasure to read and select poems for this issue.

The following haibun represent the growing engagement with this form in a way that I find exciting and inspiring.

The ways of heaven

Carmela Marino, Italy

I water the flowers and the dripping seems to mark the hours. The face at the window, the growing notes of a piano in the headphones make the world go round so fast until it leaves me still and alone.

Why can't I pray for myself?
I've never thought about life like now

starless sky
I share my pain
with a flower

Faster than thoughts the changing of the clouds, except one right in my head. I close my mind to listen to the beats, which run like a wild horse along paths never trampled on.

I have never touched fear like now

why me?
a dandelion seed gets me
closer to nothing

A warm wind barely touches me until I empty myself and make it perceive the soul of the things that surround me. How thin is the line of the horizon that divides the earth from the sky?

I have never listened to the soul as I do now.

rain clouds
the wind pointing me
to spring

My son's laughter brings me back to the ground, he who turns and turns the room happy, who lives the moment because he does not think about the future.

I look at him and suddenly feel alive.
I have never cradled my inner baby like now

open arms
teaching me to fly
my baby

*Being a mother is quintessentially a personal and unique experience. It's something that one learns on the go. In **Ways of Heaven** motherhood is the lens through which Carmela Marino explores the tension of the physical and mental and emotional. The axis of heaven and earth provides a template for this. "How thin is the line of the horizon that divides the earth from the sky?" she asks and plays it out through a series of images which build up to a conclusion where freedom and the ties of motherhood merge. The poet empties herself, poised on a dandelion seed of pain, and listens to the soul of things as if for the first time. "I have never listened to the soul as I*

do now." She turns from her restless, galloping thoughts into stillness and from the silence turns to her child who brings her back to the physical present and to the actual moment in which she fees fully alive. This is a deeply pondered and spiritual work which brings up new facets on every reading.



Barking at the coming rain

Alan Peat UK & Réka Nyitrai, Romania

They say that deep in the forest there is a bird-woman who speaks a language understood only by trodden forefingers. It is a blue language, devoid of happiness. In her beak there is a fountain that must be nourished with coins, and golden eggs. If you happen to drink from its waters, in a blink, you will turn into a tree frog.

glittering silence
a young girl slips
from her swan's skin

Ekphrastic haibun based on Nives Kavurić-Kurtović's 'Srce zgaženog kažiprsta' - 'The Heart of the Trodden Forefinger' (1967)

***Barking at the Coming Rain** is a strikingly original and haunting haibun based on a painting by Croatian surrealist artist, Nives Kavurić-Kurtović, titled Heart of a Trodden Forefinger and whose main image is a green horse with human hands and red hand prints. From this the poets have distilled an image of a bird woman, perhaps the girl in the swan costume, perhaps not, of the final haiku. The visual image of a bird woman who "speaks a blue language devoid of happiness" dissolves into multiple fragments that open the imagination to dramatic associations. Imagery is folded together creating a mobile of moods and the final haiku emerges like a fountain from the prose. Full of original touches - glittering silence, blue language, trodden forefingers, fountains in a beak it creates a powerful mental current and a sense of ineffable beauty. The utter*

disparateness of the images, including the title, is woven into a singular mood, like a fairy tale with no ending.

<https://awarewomenartists.com/en/artiste/nives-kavuric-kurtovic/>



Soft

Sean O'Connor, Ireland

By the banks of the Miljacka, as we run for cover, I hear, among the cracking shots, a shattering of bone nearby and, in the corner of my eye, see the folding of a woman's body to the ground; without a sound.

By the banks of the Miljacka, we converge, seeking safety in the shade of a concrete wall; too small for comfort, but high enough for hope.

Together we crouch and cower.

By the banks of the Miljacka, she lies there silent, yards from where we squat, in a haze of screams and shouts, and the squeals and skids of tyres, in shrieks and cries and sounds, all punctuated, beside the banks of the Miljacka, by that perfunctory force . . . of sniper rounds.

midday heat . . .

with death in all directions

soft the sound of water

Sleep

Sean O'Connor, Ireland

By the banks of the Miljacka, she stepped out of a blinding sun. Her hair black as the skirt she wore, her blouse all pristine white. By her side, dangling empty, a loose shopping bag. I admired her confident gait, her purposeful stride, her certainty.

roadside daffodils –
crack of sniper bullets
angering the air

Moments later she was dead. I had seen her fall as we rushed for cover. I slouched and stared at her body lying in the open, her brown eyes looking at me, unseeing. I wanted to crawl over and lie with her, wanted to hold her in her sleep. I longed for her to wake up and tell me of her dreams. I wanted to whisper her name.

That brief time, when she lay near me, feels like a year; and the decades since like minutes. Tearlessly I mourn her, that unknown lady, whose loss I can only comprehend, as a kind of love.

Listen to the whisper:

Wake up.

Wake up.



Soft and Sleep by Sean O'Connor are two distinct haibun, but it is in reading the poems in tandem that brings out "the pity of war" in an intensely moving and perturbing way. **Soft** opens with the extraordinarily graphic sound of shattered bone. The repetition of "by the banks of the Miljacka" imparts a kind of ritual and dirge-like quality to the terrifying experience. The second poem, **Sleep**, also begins with an invocation of the banks of the Miljacka, a river of life, which becomes a river of death. The poet enfolds the dead woman in love, almost like a redemption yet makes no allusion to immortality. She lives in the poem which is her epitaph.

What is striking about these haibun is that although the poet uses a seemingly recognisable geopolitical scenario, the poems are not a report of the unfolding of an actual news-worthy war but an imaginative and unequivocal stance on the universal suffering and despair that conflict engenders. This is poetry in its bare essence and power.

Sonam Chhoki

Haiga — Part 4

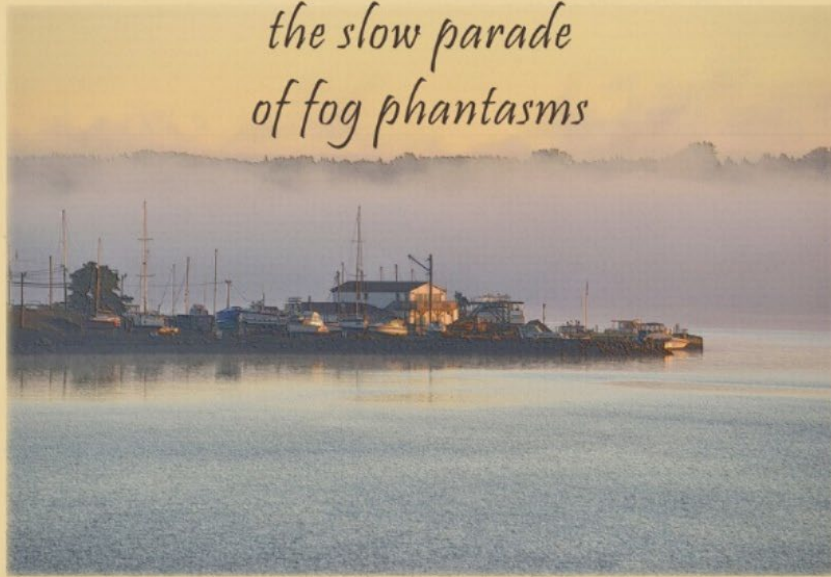
Linda Papanicolau — USA



and how did you
enjoy your summer,
Mr. Grasshopper?

Luminita Suse — Canada

*sunrise wake
the slow parade
of fog phantasms*



Artwork and haiku by Luminita Suse

Mary Davila — USA

for years
I've been chewing my way
through covid
until I realized
nothing's left to gnaw on

mary davila



Milan Rajkumar — India

mental hospital—
she waits for the visit
of her long gone father

milan rajkumar



Neena Singh, haiku & Pritpal Sagoo, photo — India

*wild grass
a pregnant pause
before the leap*



*photo: pritpal sagoo
haiku: neena singh*

Tanka Prose



Red Bearded Bee-Eater — Resident, Primary Rainforest of the Danum Valley, Borneo

Colours

Gavin Austin, Australia

Her pinpoint stare is suspicious. Probing the cold sores in frayed corners of her mouth, she licks like a stray cat in a doorway; legs splayed in lewd promise. Briefly she smiles with some borrowed face.

Her eyes roll back in their sunken sockets, lashes flutter fitfully. I know something of demons too, I want to tell her. Nodding, as if she understands, she slumps against the graffitied wall.

Purple contusions dapple her yellowed skin. She's been flying with damaged wings? A bead of red rolls from the glint of silver pushed into her vein. The beast, for the moment, staked and quietened.

A darkening stain bleeds into the tapestry of street life; only a wailing siren to cry for her.

on the corner
where fate crosses fortune
the maple
casts its scarlet leaf
to the winds of winter

Quest

Gavin Austin, Australia

I do not know which face stares from the glass of the bathroom mirror. Which face seeks its image in silent confusion? Sighted, but awkward in my blindness, my hand feels the contours of my face. Searches for some obscure truth. This other self walks in my footsteps, drinks from my cup, steals and deceives, as he hides deep in my shadow. Each stalking the other.

without
a map or compass
I pause
at the crossroads
in search of the wind

The Essence of Being

Sonam Chhoki, Bhutan

It is the start of her apprenticeship to the oracle and young Lemo is full of questions.

“Why do we turn to the mountains? Why not the towering cypress that pierces the clouds or the foaming plunge of the waterfall that can be seen from the next valley?”

“The mountain is the abode of Lha Chen-mo, the Great Goddess,” the old oracle says quietly.

“How do we know she hears our prayers?”

“Her blessing comes in the icy blast on the high pass, in the eddies in the stream, in the deep shadows of the walnut tree and the glow of the sun on the old Mani wall.”*

“What does she look like?” Lemo asks with the persistence of a ten-year old.

“The sun is her parasol, the moon, her crown. She leaves footprints in the stars.”

“What about darkness?”

“It is the cord to her womb of the night. You are held, nurtured and reborn each dawn.”

“What happens when we die?”

“That depends on how we live each day in this life.”

almost in beat
to the bronze bell
of the ravine shrine
for whom is this lament
the rapt rhythm of all day rain

just this . . .
a remembered glimpse
. . . the slant of dusk light
through the quivering bamboo
when it's time to go

Footnote: *Mā-ni (pron). A stone wall engraved with the mantra: "Om Mani Padme Hum" to Chenrézi or Avalokiteshvara, the Bodhisattva of Compassion.

Grooves of Change*

Amelia Fielden, Australia

Ti Amo'
half a century ago
pulsing
from the turntable
in time with my love affair

I'm chatting with my young – well, thirty something – hairdresser about his new apartment.

He tells me he is having some extra cupboards made. And that the carpenter was mightily impressed by the collection to be housed in them.

"Records? You mean vinyl?" I ask. "Yeah."

I natter on about the 33s with which I had reluctantly parted in my second-last move.

"Actually, mine are all 45s. I've got about 2,000 of them."

expect
the unexpected
so often said
but really ... single plays
in 2022 ?

** the lines in Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem Locksley Hall:

Let the great world spin forever
down the ringing groves of change" ...

Music of the Night

Jan Foster, Australia

On this crisp autumn evening, I've come to collect my teenage granddaughter from music practice. Suffering from Asperger's Syndrome, she's had trouble finding a place among her peers. Here in this youth group, she has slotted in seamlessly. Pitch-perfect, she always provides beautiful harmony.

As I sit drifting under the peace of a southern sky, the Cross tilting towards the horizon, I can almost hear the *harmonia mundi*, the music of the spheres. Then the church door bursts open, scattering a crowd of youngsters into the night, Emily among them. Her face brighter than any star above.

against the backdrop
of night's velvet dome
diamonds
spread by the generous hand
of a celestial jeweler

Between Two Shovels (EC)

Ivan Gaćina, Croatia

Two shovels stumble over each other. There's dust in them, and in between – false silence. Particles of (non-)existence vibrate on the celestial string.

As the dome-like glow of the mid-moon seeps into despair at the viral intersection, a bird with broken wings joins the forked horizons over the two half-drunk intermediate distances.

The starry clock hands are turned upside down. Sandy weather tingles through the cracks, the flies in the net keep silence.

On the carousel of truth, the fog scatters as the blind minstrel patches his socks with grass blades.

We sail through yesterday, today, tomorrow. The parabolic mirror gathers lunar shadows in the focus of vanished assonance.

A soap pigeon flies into the future as cube-shaped bubbles write a forgotten story in an avenue made of dust. When the two shovels collide, the fullness of wornness emerges.

blind alley . . .
through the acacia treetop
moonlight wanders
the page of a book about
the road to the unknown

Holding my Breath

Marilyn Humbert, Australia

There's a stillness preceding our footsteps along the trail which curls between tall palms, their fronds dangle listlessly high above and the last of the wet seasons knee-high grass is dry and yellow beside the Roper River. We stop and listen for rustles in the undergrowth, and for birds singing.

beside the edge
a crocodile waits
for a misstep—
my struggle to recognise
the danger in your eyes

Alarm

Lakshmi Iyer, India

It is our seventh month in our new home. We share a backyard wall with a house where the family have close to a dozen cocks and hens. So, imagine the chorus of crowing and clucking, and chitter chatter that rents through the air. They squabble, they jump, they fly. Not a second of silence. The morning starts very early with their sharp crunchy voices. From far away somewhere, a cock crows back and they seem to have an understanding. A pet dog is supposed to guard these hens, but most of the time it is fast asleep. Sometimes, it opens its eyes half-heartedly to their sounds with a loud echoing bark. The cocks are fed well on time and yet they wait around the feeding bowl of the dog to peck at any leftovers, scurrying one on top of the other to get to it. It seems like they have a pecking order to establish dominance! The day curls into a warm dusk as they start winding up their cock-a-doodle-does. But it is almost until midnight that I can still hear the neighbourhood cocks crowing, as their cries meet with the expected response.

even after the rain
the pitter patter of drops
in the silence
can I listen to the earth
moving around the sun

Point of View

Keitha Keyes, Australia

Elsie was a friend of the family. A really nice lady who used to give me a card and a hanky every year on my birthday.

One day I saw her coming into the school toilets with a mop and a bucket. Somebody had to do that disgusting job but surely nobody I knew.

She called my name but I pretended that I didn't hear her. What if my friends saw me talking to a cleaner, a toilet cleaner? I hid in a cubicle until she went past.

in the path
of a self-centred teenager
many are hurt
others smile as they recall
things they did in their youth

The New Kid

Michael H. Lester, USA

The new kid in school strolls through the cafeteria carrying his tray with a half-pint carton of milk, a hot dog in a bun, mashed potatoes, and spinach, all arranged haphazardly on his plate, along with a cheap knife, a spoon bent at the neck, a fork with crooked tines partially wrapped in a paper napkin, and a paper straw with red and blue stripes hanging from his mouth. All eyes turn to look as he scans the room for the table, he will choose to eat his lunch on his first day at a new school. His preternaturally enlarged cranium tilts to one side and his eyes have a rheumy, almost dreamy look about them. His disheveled hair, a bit longish for the current style in the mid-1950's northwest side of Detroit, seems a washed-out black, as if lacking in vitality. Yet, he moves with a certain grace, a palpable self-assurance and pride with no obvious signs of self-consciousness or trepidation — quite the opposite of me, I think. The cafeteria noises — chatter, clinking, scraping, and banging — all conspicuously absent, as he shuffles past several tables looking off somewhere, into, I don't know... the future? Someone whispers, *I heard he has macrocephaly*. I find myself hardly listening, as I enter a state of deep self-reflection. *Who is he? Who am I?*

adolescence

worn like a hand-me-down

ill-fitting

frayed at the edges

will we become butterflies?

Web of Maya

Amrutha Prabhu, India

Dear mind,

I am writing to ask you to stop your wanderings and settle down. I ask you to give me an account of all the things I have done out of ignorance. Well! You might smile at my request. You might be able to see that I am knitting a web of past and future. But then I need them to make wiser decisions in the future. I might have made a thousand mistakes in the past. Guide me not to repeat them.

the past
hidden in clouds
of memory - I need
an umbrella
to live in the present

Bengaluru, 27. April.2022

Filling the Silence

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

Music plays on the stereo, background music to inspire. I sit at my computer, a blank screen waiting to be filled with a poem, images, lyrical words, or a story with characters solving problems, with emotion, tension, and a satisfying ending. Instead, I sit with hands poised on the keys, not moving, rendered immobile by the music of Ernesto Lecuona.

The music stills my imagination. Having played this many times before, I anticipate the next refrain and the next. I close my eyes and sway with the rhythm. This is music for listening, for absorbing, for filling empty spaces and forgetting the past and the present. This is the body and soul of a man, a culture, a life. This is music to feel.

letting go
of tugging emotions
so as to hold on
there is a time when pause
is the salvation

Table for One

Adelaide B. Shaw, USA

A downy woodpecker zooms in to the suet cage hanging on the holly bush outside my window. He lands, positions himself upside down and pecks away. He leaves. Returns. Does this several times. It's breakfast. A few hours later, he's back. Lunch. Sometimes a quick nosh in mid-afternoon. He returns in the early evening for supper.

We are on the same schedule.

fifty-seven years
of eating together
from snacks to feasts
we shared a love —
my cooking, his eating

Pure

Tom Staudt, Australia

I'm writing, or trying to, when the little rascal tries to steal my pen and a play fight ensues.

Suddenly a warm feeling is spreading through my chest, the colours seem brighter and goosebumps cover me from the head to toe.

I hold his little paw and smile.

running faster
past the defender
I kick a goal
to see my dad's proud smile
better than winning

Editor's Choice (EC) -Tanka Prose

Between Two Shovels (EC)

Ivan Gaćina, Croatia

Two shovels stumble over each other. There's dust in them, and in between – false silence. Particles of (non-)existence vibrate on the celestial string.

As the dome-like glow of the mid-moon seeps into despair at the viral intersection, a bird with broken wings joins the forked horizons over the two half-drunken intermediate distances.

The starry clock hands are turned upside down. Sandy weather tingles through the cracks, the flies in the net keep silence.

On the carousel of truth, the fog scatters as the blind minstrel patches his socks with grass blades.

We sail through yesterday, today, tomorrow. The parabolic mirror gathers lunar shadows in the focus of vanished assonance.

A soap pigeon flies into the future as cube-shaped bubbles write a forgotten story in an avenue made of dust. When the two shovels collide, the fullness of wornness emerges.

blind alley . . .
through the acacia treetop
moonlight wanders
the page of a book about
the road to the unknown



There's nothing like an off-beat first line to grab your attention. In this tanka-prose piece, Ivan Gaćina manages to draw you into the story, "Two shovels stumble over each other." Not fall, but stumble. You get the sense that something good or weird and not quite . . . Obvious is not the right word. Welcome to my dream, he writes. I've had dreams like that too. But, Ivan Gaćina is a master of moods and surrealist scenes.

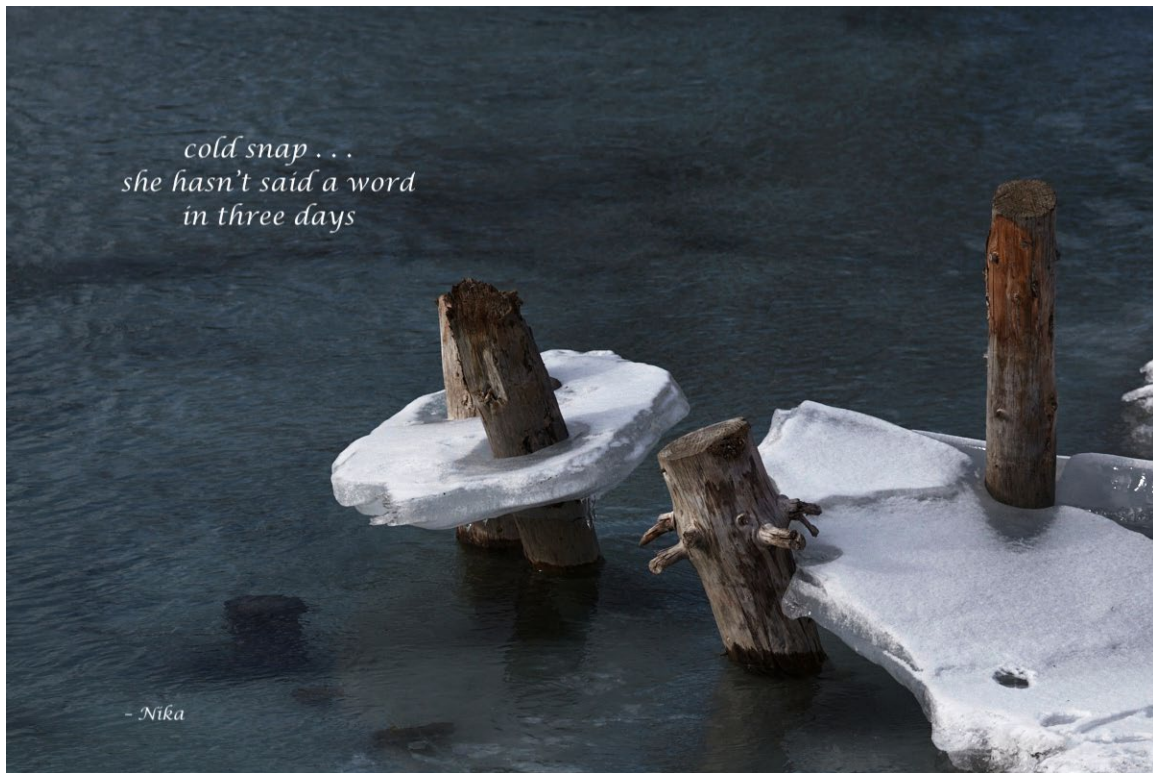
"A soap pigeon flies into the future as cube-shaped bubbles write a forgotten story in an avenue made of dust." It makes me smile.

Now where did I store my old Salvador Dali posters?

Mike Montreuil

Haiga — Part 5

Nika — Canada



Pat Geyer — USA



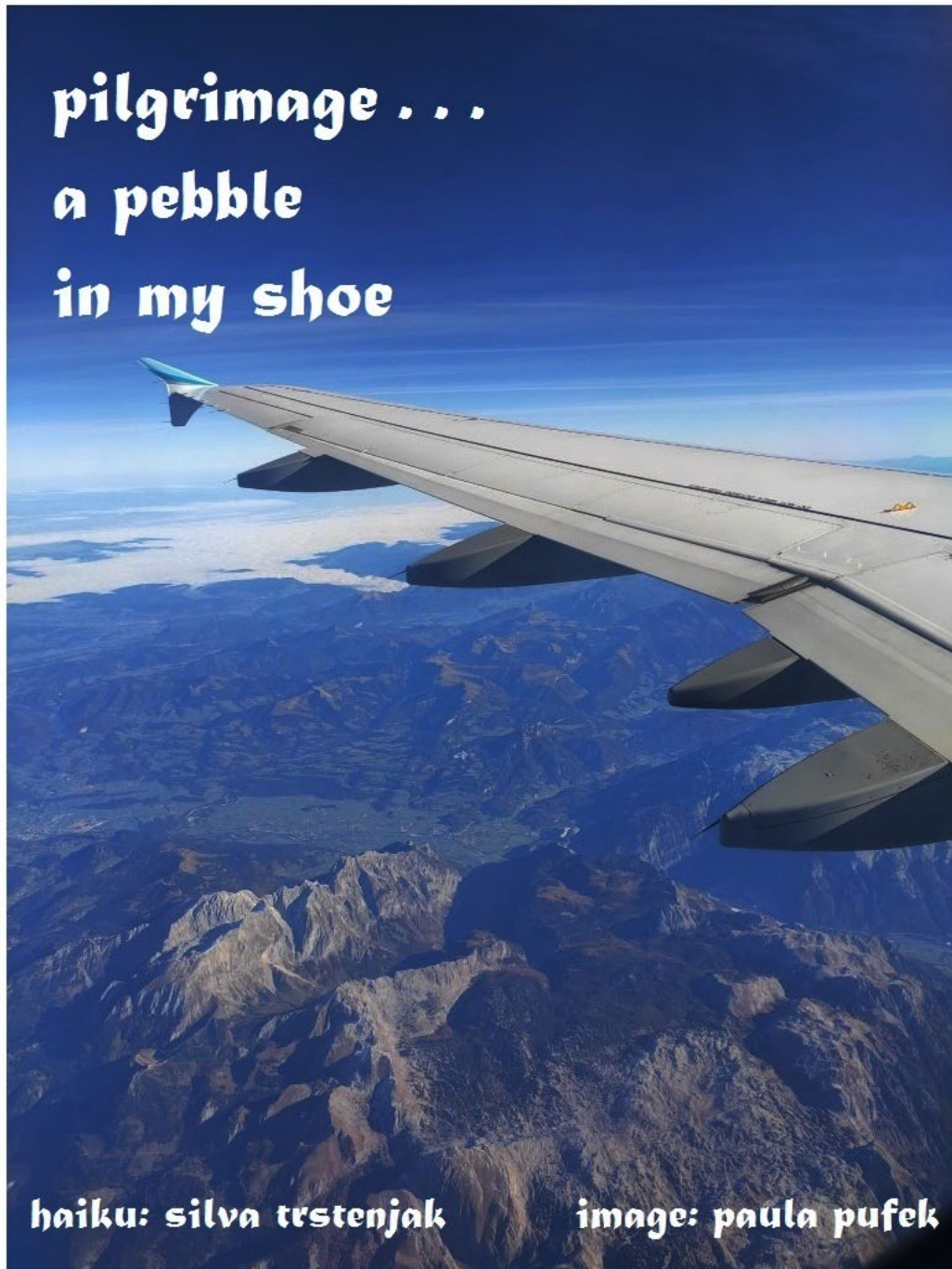
Richard Kakol, tanka, Linda Batson, art — Australia



this evening
on the curving river
I catch a crab
digging my oar in too deep
capsizing all our hopes

Author: Richard Kakol
Artist: Linda Bâgu Batson

Sylva Trstenjak, haiku & Paula Pufek, image — Croatia



Terrie Jacks, haiku & Karen Zelle, photo — USA



***grandma's tattings
all her stories tied up
in knots***

verse: Terrie Jacks photo: Karen Zelle

List of Poets and Artists

A

Adjei Agyei-Baah, 46
Francis W. Alexander, 143
Ramesh Anand, 28
Jenny Ward Angyal, 82, 99, 102
An'ya, 40
Meg Arnot, 20
Hifsa Ashraf, 78, 80, 101, 103
Marilyn Ashbaugh, 17
Joanna Ashwell, 26, 91, 95, 141
Sanjuktaa Asopa, 11, 84, 86
Gavin Austin, 18, 52, 70, 94, 114, 172, 173

B

Pamela A. Babusci, 91
Michael Baeyens, 30
Don Baird, 17
Jo Balistreri, 81, 94
Ingrid Baluchi, 20
Saumya Bansal, 63
Maria Luisa Bartolotta, 152
Lawrence Grant Bassett, 56
Linda Batson, 191
Michael Battisto, 25
Lori Becherer, 57
Mona Bedi, 60, 70
Amanda Bell, 21
Brad Bennett, 26, 48
Deborah A. Bennett, 12
Gwen Bitti, 23
Adrian Bouter, 19
brett brady, 28
Gail Brooks, 85
Justin Brown, 55
Kevin Browne, 121

John Budan, 20, 118
Pitt Buerken, 35, 48, 101, 160
Rohan Buettel, 63
Owen Bullock, 92
Susan Burch, 65, 72
Sondra J. Byrnes, 10, 64, 71

C

Christopher Calvin, 50
Pris Campbell, 125
Matthew Caretti, 25, 133
Claire Vogel Camargo, 100
Anna Cates, 12, 86, 120
Joan Chaput, 97
Kanchan Chatterjee, 11
Jim Chessing, 33, 85
Sonam Chhoki, 174
Florin C. Ciobica, 31, 80, 83
Glenn G. Coats, 138, 161
Lysa Collins, 24
Bryan D. Cook, 134
Bill Cooper, 34, 47
Alvin B. Cruz, 46
Anne Louise Curran, 88, 99
Dan Curtis, 32

D

Maya Daneva, 58
Mary Davila, 168
M. R. Defibaugh, 58
Marie Derley, 9
Kanjini Devi, 90
Rosa Maria Di Salvatore, 23
Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo, 18

Radostina Dragostinova, 62
Almila Dūkel, 12

E

Christine Eales, 49
Robert Epstein, 22, 63
Richard Evanoff, 100
Keith Evetts, 22, 56
David Kāwika Eyre, 13, 51

F

Susan Farner, 16
Amelia Fielden, 89, 176
Bruce H. Feingold, 33
P. H. Fischer, 13
Michael Flanagan, 94
Marilyn Fleming, 35, 58, 86
Lorin Ford, 19
Jan Foster, 177
Jenny Fraser, 106, 140
Jay Friedenbergl, 15
Gerald Friedman, 13, 156
Susan Beth Furst, 13, 65, 145

G

Ben Gaa, 17, 48, 68
Ivan Gaćina, 53, 95, 117, 178, 187, 188
David Gale, 33
William Scott Galasso, 67
Mike Gallagher, 11, 59, 86
Pat Geyer, 92, 190
LeRoy Gorman, 57
Laurie Greer, 24

H

Hazel Hall, 35, 52, 95, 119
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, 14, 104
Dan Hardison, 43, 151
Jon Hare, 26, 90

John Hawkhead, 24, 54
David He, 11, 83
Kerry J Heckman, 9
Janet Ruth Heller, 53
Rich Heller, 27
Joanne van Helvoort, 54
Deborah Burke Henderson, 129
Jeff Hoagland, 23
Ruth Holzer, 96
Frank Hooven, 25
Marilyn Humbert, 80, 147, 179
Samantha Sirimanne Hyde, 99

I

Lakshmi Iyer, 56, 155, 180

J

Terrie Jacks, 66, 99, 193
Roberta Beach Jacobson, 32
Bo Jaroszek, 33
Pratham S. S. Jolly, 41
Carole Johnston, 89

K

Richard Kakol, 62, 96, 97, 191
Neera Kashyap, 87
Barbara Kaufmann, 42
Arvinder Kaur, 41
Keitha Keyes, 87, 181
Lori Kiefer, 57
Robert Kingston, 14
Ravi Kiran, 62
Nicholas Klacsanzky, 15
Nadejda Kostadinova, 60
Nina Kovačić, 12
Samo Kreutz, 10
Jim Krotzman, 29, 54
Gurpreet Kamaljit Kundra, 34

L

Jill Lange, 16
Michael Henry Lee, 29, 59
Michael H. Lester, 182
Ryland Shengzhi Li, 63, 81, 146
Eva Limbach, 16
Kristen Lindquist, 20
Chen-ou Liu, 22, 49, 96, 98, 124
Cyndi Lloyd, 128
Gregory Longenecker, 25, 38
Oscar Luparia, 78
Anthony Lusardi, 11

M

Carmela Marino, 15, 110, 161, 162
Richard L. Matta, 62, 90, 144
Marietta McGregor, 159
Jo McNerney, 29
Tyler McIntosh, 66
Dorothy S. Messerschmitt, 104
Mark Meyer, 116
Mark Miller, 58
Daniela Misso, 93, 97
Mircea Moldovan, 14, 60, 87, 130
Laurie D. Morrissey, 28, 56
Ian Mullins, 53
Jill Muhrer, 113

N

Daipayan Nair, 51
Maurice Nevile, 58
Nika, 32, 61, 189
Subir Ningthouja, 149
Réka Nyitrai, 132, 163

O

Nola Obee, 22
Sean O'Connor, 24, 126, 127, 164, 165

Ben Oliver, 21
Franjo Ordanic, 77
Bernadette O'Reilly, 46
Maeve O'Sullivan, 57

P

Christa Pandey, 96
Linda Papanicolau, 166
Curt Pawlisch, 50, 83
Alan Peat, 18, 46, 89, 132, 163
Geoff Pope, 30
Jasna Popovic Poje, 105
Jacek Pokrak, 76
Amrutha Prabhu, 39, 47, 183
Justice Joseph Prah, 8
Sandi Pray, 31
Paula Pufek, 192

R

Carol Raisfeld, 29, 49, 91, 157
Brijesh Raj, 131
Milan Rajkumar, 59, 169
Kala Ramesh, 12, 83, 100, 108, 112
Valentina Ranaldi-Adams, 67
Nazarena Rampini, 32
Ray Rasmussen, 136, 161
Bhawana Rathore, 19, 90
Dian Duchin Reed, 23, 51, 73
Meera Rehm, 18
Bryan Rickert, 17, 48, 69, 81, 82, 135
Edward J. Rielly, 21
Dragan J. Ristić, 92

D. V. Rozic, 15, 52, 63, 75, 122, 150
Aron Rothstein, 27, 82
Cynthia Rowe, 27, 36, 37, 50
Margaret Owen Ruckert, 85
Janet Ruth, 29

S

Srinivas S, 10, 64
Joshua St. Claire, 31
Melanie Brown Sabol, 59
Pritpal Sagoo, 170
Marianne Sahlin, 8
Sandra Samec, 77
Srinivasa Rao Sambangi, 26,64, 65, 71
Minal Sarosh, 88
Agnes Eva Savich, 34
Debbie Scheving, 93
Julie Schwerin, 19, 55, 107
Elizabeth Shack, 123
Adelaide B. Shaw, 8, 46, 85, 115, 184, 185
Norman Silver, 9, 61
Neena Singh, 27, 61, 170
Dimitrij Škrk, 16, 74, 122
Ken Slaughter, 84
Tom Staudt, 21, 66, 98, 158, 186
Stephenie Story, 30, 65
Debbie Strange, 25, 44, 51, 81, 94
Luminita Suse, 167
Lesley Anne Swanson, 57

T

Angela Terry, 31, 47
Elisa Theriana, 52
Richard Tice, 34, 62, 153, 197
Silva Trstenjak, 15, 63, 150
C. X. Turner, 22, 50

V

Kevin Valentine, 20
Steliana Cristina Voicu, 30, 88, 98

W

David Watts, 17, 51, 69, 197
Diana Webb, 148

Joseph P. Wechselberger, 55
Michael Dylan Welch, 13, 84
Christine Wenk-Harrison, 49
Tyson West, 67, 82
Allyson Whipple, 9
Tony Williams, 21, 66
Simon Wilson, 89, 91
Jamie Wimberly, 8
Ernest Wit, 10, 52
Robert Witmer, 27
Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff, 93

Y

Quendryth Young, 24, 37, 61

Z

Eugeniusz Zacharski, 28, 76
Karen Zelle, 193
John Zheng, 19, 55, 84, 142



Red-napped trogon, Kubah National Park, Sarawa, Borneo
Resident and Near-threatened.